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## BEN JONSON NOT BACON'S AMANUENSIS.

IN this paper I propose to say something about the attempt of the Baconian theorists to "work" Ben Jonson over into a witness against William Shakespeare, not because it is necessary to reslay the slain Baconian, but to illustrate that here as elsewhere, and all along the line, there is "nothing in it."

Whatever impudence and charlatanry might deny as to Shakespeare, nothing could be denied as to Jonson. He was the first poet laureate with a royal commission and a fixed salary. His vast scholarship, his robust fidelity to his friends and to himself, his aggressive force of character and his acknowledged place in letters made it impossible that he should be classed with the myths of literature, or used to discredit his own record of dramatic authorship. Unless his testimony could be controverted and destroyed, the adverse argument relating to the authorship of the Shakespearian drama would have ended where it began.

But the advocates of the Baconian theory were equal to the emergency. They simply declared that Jonson was the clerk and amanuensis of Bacon; that he had translated Bacon's English into Latin for him; that he knew all the facts in regard to Bacon's authorship of the plays, and was the instrument of the conspiracy by which Shakespeare was subrogated for Bacon for putting the plays on the stage; that all his testimonials to Shakespeare's authorship were elaborate lies, and that he kept this rascally secret till after Shakespeare's death and till after Bacon's death, and then went further, and also carried it with him to his own grave, twelve years after that.

I do not understand why the Baconian theorists deemed it necessary as a part of their argument to allege that Jonson assisted as amanuensis or translator in the production of Bacon's acknowledged works. All that was necessary for their purposes, as they state the case, was to show that Jonson acted as agent and go-between for Shakespeare and Bacon in causing the former to assume the works written by the latter in secret, the authorship of which he had reason

for desiring not to assume. In fact, I cannot see that any go-between should have been necessary in a scheme of such profound secrecy. The secret, if there was a secret, would have been better kept if Bacon, after writing the plays, simply had handed them privately to Shakespeare, who was to assume their authorship and place them on the stage. Every other person taken into the secret increased the chances of exposure. But if Jonson was to have been that go-between it is of course essential. Let us see, therefore, if it is true.

In the first place Jonson's personal, literary and political associations were with the party antagonistic to Bacon; the party by the intrigues of which Bacon's advancement had been defeated under Elizabeth and under James until well along in the latter's reign. Jonson was the friend and eulogist of Sir Edward Coke, the great Lord Chief Justice of England, who was promoted in rivalry with Bacon and who married the lady whom Bacon sought to marry for her great wealth and relationship to the political leaders of the day. He (Jonson) was also attached to the party of the Cecils, Lord Burleigh, Bacon's uncle, and Lord Salisbury, Bacon's cousin, who labored to thwart Bacon's ambition, and they were successful in their hostile labors as long as they had an active part in public affairs. Salisbury died in 1612 and Coke lost power in 1616. Jonson could not have had intimate personal and literary relations with Bacon previous to Bacon's accession to power after the fall of Coke, and he could have had none afterwards, for the reason that all of Bacon's works had been written before that event. Only the "Novum Organum" was published after Bacon became Lord Chancellor, and that work had been in his hands twelve years before it was given to the printer. Hostile partisanship stood all this time between Jonson and Bacon, preventing literary aid or friendship between them.

William Gifford searched as thoroughly as possible all the sources of information in regard to Jonson's personal associates, his literary and dramatic career and the production of his works. Gifford wrote of Jonson as an earnest partisan of a great leader in times of stormy political unrest. His biography is as complete as it could be made, or as any biography could be made of a man living in the period before the newspaper reporter, the writers of reminiscences, table-talk and personalia, or even the exceptional Boswell had appeared. Gifford presents an elaborate list of Jonson's great friends. William Camden, antiquary and author; John Selden, author and statesman; John Digby, Earl of Bristol, ablest diplomatist of the age; the Cecils, to whom reference has been made; the Sackvilles (third and fourth Earls of Dorset); Sir Edward Coke; Thomas Egerton, Baron Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley, who was Bacon's predecessor as Lord High Chancellor; William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (to whose mother, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," the

finest of Jonson's epitaphs was written); John Hackett (Bishop of Litchfield, admitted to be one of the scholars to whom the Latin translations of Bacon's works were referred); with Bishops Duppa, Morley and King; and many others, are among those named by Gifford as Jonson's friends. If Lord Bacon had been an intimate friend of Jonson, or if Jonson had been a literary assistant to Bacon, it is impossible but that Gifford would have placed Bacon's name on the muster-roll of greatness where the names of Jonson's friends appear.

Aubrey says of Thomas Hobbs that Bacon "was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves when he did meditate; and when a notion had darted into his lordship's mind Mr. Hobbs was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him: for that many times when he read their notes he scarce understood what they writ because they understood it not clearly themselves." But Jonson is not mentioned among the others who thus performed the duties of amanuensis. Aubrey also says that Hobbs translated some of the essays into Latin.

Another suggestion is not out of place nor feebly supported, showing that Jonson had no friendly relations with Bacon. In Jonson's plays the most vigorous sarcasms appear on the subject of dishonest lawyers. The *Poetaster* was written to satirize players and lawyers. Speaking of the lawyers in this play, Horace says:

"Now, let me die, sir, if I know your laws,  
Or have the power to stand still half so long  
In their loud courts as while a case is argued."

In *The Fox* Mosca says to Voltore, an advocate, who hoped to be Volpone's heir, the "him" in the first line referring to Volpone:

"I oft have heard him say how he admired  
Men of your large profession, that could speak  
To every cause, and things mere contraries,  
Till they were hoarse again, and all be law;  
That, with most quick agility could turn,  
And return, make knots and undo them;  
Give forked counsel; take provoking gold  
On either hand and put it up: these men,  
He knew, would thrive with their humility.  
And, for his part, he thought he should be blest  
To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,  
So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue,  
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce  
Lie still, without a fee."

With the later proof, and his own confession showing Bacon's character as a judge, it would be easy to see his character as a lawyer drawn in these remarkable lines. But it is supremely difficult to see that the author of these lines could ever have been a personal friend and literary associate of the man whom they described.

Early in 1621 Bacon had reached the summit of splendor and

power. The serenity of his high state showed no outward disturbance. But there were murmurs and threats which he must have heard. His sagacity was like prophecy, when the objects of his own ambition were involved. His sixtieth birthday occurred in January. Jonson wrote a short ode in honor of the anniversary. The encyclopædia accounts say that the event was celebrated by grand festivities. One biography says that Jonson's ode was recited as a part of the festivities. Macaulay says that Jonson was present and recited his ode in person. I do not find in contemporaneous works, especially in Rawley's life of Bacon, any account of such a banquet and other festivities.\* The fact that Jonson wrote such an ode is not proof of any special ceremonies in honor of Bacon's arrival at the highest elevation which he had sought. Birthday odes and other odes, dedications, prefaces and other addresses were written in honor of distinguished persons from the earliest times down to the period of Dryden and Goldsmith. These poems were received and paid for at the rate of from five to an hundred guineas each, according to the merit of the writer and the liberality and wealth of the patron. Hundreds of poets during these two or three centuries were saved by the donations of the great from sleepless nights in the streets or from what was next to starvation in dreary chop-houses. Jonson's ode to Bacon was doubtless one of these mercenary contributions. He wrote many similar odes to other great men of the day, but none of them contains a word to show close personal friendship between the poet and the person to whom the poem was addressed. This is Jonson's ode to Bacon. That it is merely mechanical and without special inspiration its lines are evidence:

"Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!  
How comes it all things so around thee smile?"

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\* I have not been able to consult all the authorities, and I may have missed matters of evidence as to the festivities reported at York House.

As a matter of fact, I believe that, of all the poets between Chaucer and Coleridge, among those ranging equal to or above a low medium average, not five could say with Pope:

"Oh! let me live my own, and die so, too!  
(To live and die is all I have to do.)  
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,  
And see what friends and read what books I please;  
Above a patron, though I condescend  
Sometimes to call a minister my friend."

Leonard Welsted, a contemporary of Pope, charged that Pope had satirized the Duke of Chandos and had afterwards accepted from him five hundred pounds. Pope did not answer this charge for ten years:

"Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie."

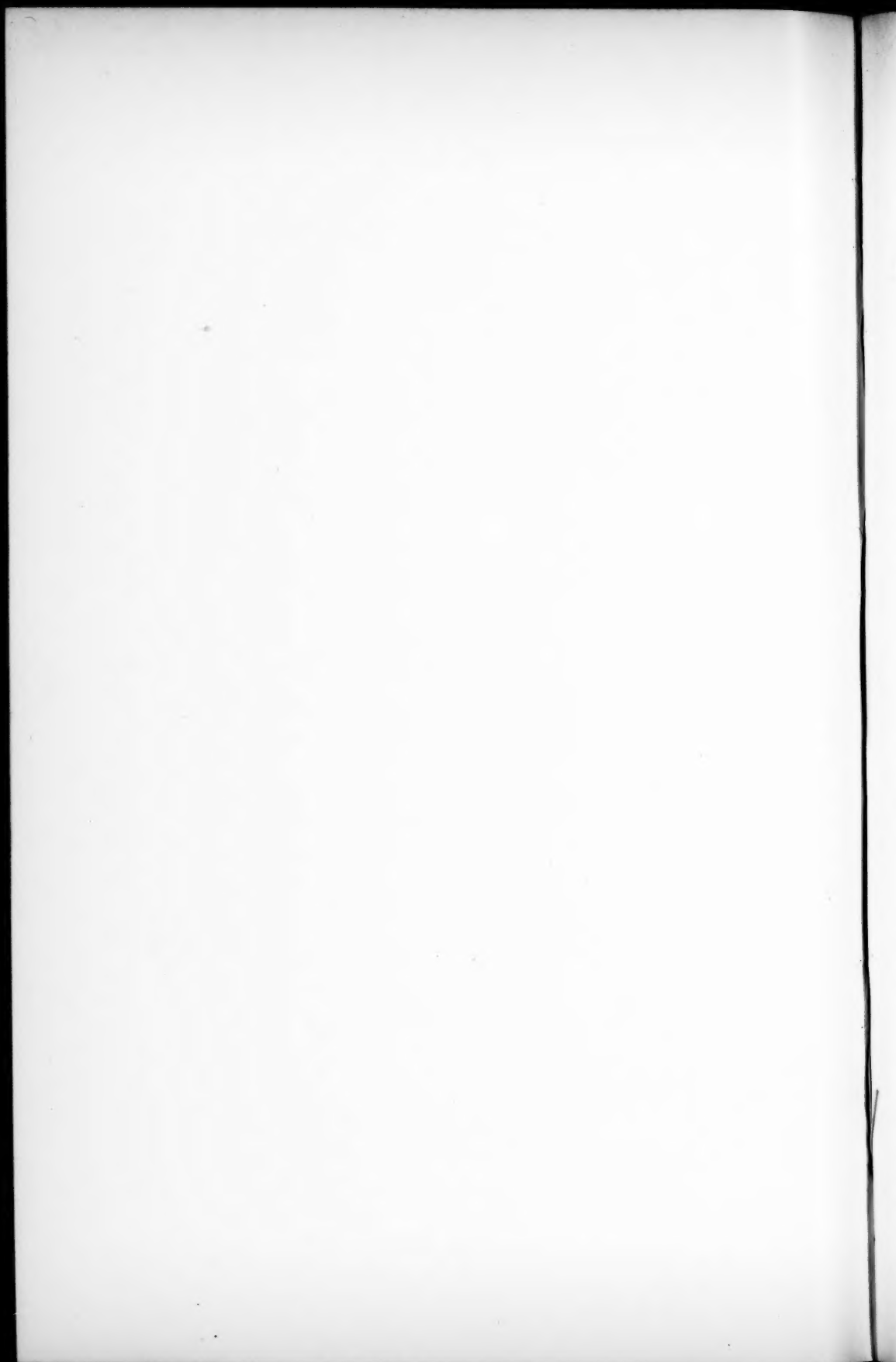
Then in a note, speaking of himself in the third person, he said: "Mr. P. never received any present, further than the subscription for Homer, from him or from any other great man whatsoever." As for the lower grade of poets, they all, or nearly all, lived on patronage and benefactions.





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The fire, the wine, the men ! and in the midst  
 Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst !  
 Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day  
 For whose return, and many, all these pray ;  
 And so do I. This is the sixtieth year  
 Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and hero ;  
 Son to the grave, wise Keeper of the Seal,  
 Fame and foundation of the English weal.  
 What then his father was, since is he  
 Now with a title more to the degree ;  
 England's High Chancellor : the destin'd heir,  
 In his soft cradle, to his father's chair :  
 Whose even thread the fates spun round and full,  
 Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.  
 'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,  
 For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.  
 Give me a deep-crown'd bowl that I may sing  
 In raising him, the wisdom of my king."

The chapter of "Discoveries" devoted to Bacon is full of interest. Jonson describes classes of orators whom he had seen and heard, and he comments generally on the noted orators of history. He then says :

"Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spake; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should come to an end."

Jonson then speaks of many orators, ancient and modern, including Lord High Chancellor Egerton, and continues :

"But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he who hath filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view and about his times were all the wits born that could honor a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward and eloquence grows backward : so that he may be named and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language."

In Jonson's poem "To the Memory of my Beloved Master William Shakespeare and what he hath left us" are these lines :

"And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honor them I will not seek  
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,  
 Euripides and Sophocles to us,  
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordvora dead,  
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread

And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on  
 Leave thee alone for the comparison  
 Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

Again, after some praise of the "Novum Organum," Jonson says :

"My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place or honors ; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself in that he seemed to me, ever, by his work, one of the greatest of the men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength ; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could no harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

There is nothing in this language to show personal intimacy between Bacon and Jonson. There is nothing to show that Jonson ever heard Bacon speak or that he wrote except from report and fame of Bacon as an orator. A writer of this country in the last generation might have referred in the same style to Webster and Clay without ever having heard or seen either of those great American orators. In speaking of Bacon's style as "highly censorious" Jonson means highly judicious, moral and instructive. Some of the Baconian theorists allege that in saying Bacon "hath filled up all numbers," Jonson implied that Bacon was not only a peerless orator, but had written every form of poetry, as the word "numbers" is assumed to mean verse. This is absurd. Bacon versified some of the Psalms, but the poetry or "numbers," is not such as Jonson would have been likely to eulogize. Jonson was not writing about Bacon's general powers, but only as an orator, comparing him with other orators. He simply implied that Bacon "filled all numbers"—that is, manifested every excellence of every kind in oratory, not in general literature.

Singularly enough Macaulay, in commenting on this passage in Jonson, says : "From the mention that is made of the judges, it would seem that Jonson had heard Bacon only at the bar. Indeed," he adds, "we imagine that the House of Commons was then almost inaccessible to strangers." I should say that Jonson was less likely to hear Bacon in the courts than in Parliament. The oratory described by Jonson as barely able to "spare or pass a jest," was not likely to be tolerated in judicial tribunals of that day, such as were presided over by Coke and the judges like him. In speaking of Bacon's "judges," Jonson evidently did not mean the wigged occupants of the bench. He meant the entire audiences, especially the critical portions of the audiences, that Bacon occasionally addressed. Nor is it likely that Bacon's speeches were addressed only to the Courts and the House of Commons. There must have been great occasions of popular interest when Bacon spoke to London audiences on public affairs. It was, beyond all doubt, there that Jonson heard him and was stirred with the

eloquence that passed without effort from the verge of humor to the nobly censorious heights of thought and instruction where oratory wins its greatest triumphs.

The statement of Jonson that he could not condole with Bacon is assumed by the Baconites to mean that his intimacy with Bacon prevented him, out of tenderness, from exercising so generous and sympathetic an office. Plain readers will understand Jonson to mean that his relations to Bacon were not such as to warrant him in obtruding his condolences where the great man was alone with his misfortunes and misery. But in every way, apparently, the Baconites pervert language to the uses of sophistry. In one of his letters Bacon says that in some of his works he had the aid of "other pens." These theorists claim that when he said he had the help of other pens in writing his own works he meant that with his own unaided pen he had written Shakespeare's works. One of the Baconites alleges that only a trained linguist, with a perfect knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Italian and Spanish, could have written the plays, and that, therefore, they must have been written by Bacon, not by Shakespeare, who had no such accomplishments. Yet the same writer is the most urgent in seeking to prove that Jonson and other scholars translated Bacon's works into ancient and modern foreign languages, which they understood, but which Bacon did not understand! All of which is quite on a par with this same silly fool's allegation that Judith Shakespeare, the historical daughter of the poet, was no better than she should be, and that her father therefore must have been far too greatly overwhelmed with grief and shame to write those unapproachable dramas; adding in another chapter that (which is not proved, by the way) Bacon's wife was faithless to his bed, and that her husband, therefore, derived from *his* grief and shame the inspiration under which *he* wrote the dramas attributed to Shakespeare!!! The Donnelly philosophy is just here antipodal to the philosophy of his idolized Bacon. It never would have occurred to Bacon to allege that a father's disgrace unfitted him for that highest works of a poet which a husband's disgrace most peculiarly fitted him to perform! That is: if a daughter becomes a wanton, her father cannot become a poet of the highest rank; but, if a wife becomes a wanton, it is a peculiar reason why her husband should become a poet of the highest rank!!!

The reference to Bacon's acquirements as a linguist brings us directly to the proof as to what part, if any, Jonson had in the translations of Bacon's works into Latin. It should be understood that Bacon believed Latin to be the only permanent language, and therefore, of course, that English was but an ephemeral dialect to which no great work of the mind could be entrusted for preservation. He wrote the "Advancement of Learning" in English. It was published in 1606. He advised with many friends as to its translation into Latin. He wrote

to Dr. John Playford, a great Cambridge scholar, on the subject. But there is no contemporary proof to show that he obtained the aid of any scholar except that of Dr. Rawley, his secretary and chaplain, in the work. Dr. Rawley says that the "Advancement of Learning" was "put into Latin with several enrichments and enlargements." It would be superb nonsense to suppose that a syndicate of scholars had translated the treatise with changes which the author had not made nor could understand. Bacon says in the Latin version that he had done in person much of the work "with great labor." Spedding quotes, I suppose, from the preface or introduction: "*in quo e lingua vernaculâ proprio Marte, in Latinam transferendo honoratissimus auctor plurimum desudavit.*" "Which the most honorable author in his own person [Mars] translated from the vernacular into the Latin language with much toil." He appears to modestly admit the toil which it cost him, but the fact of his toil is a proof of his integrity. There is another minor bit of proof, or inference, on this subject. Dr. Rawley, in speaking of Bacon's habit of writing, says that "if he had occasion to repeat another man's words after him he had an use and faculty to dress them in better vestments and apparel than they had before, so that the author should find his own speech much amended, and yet the substage of it still retained." In a note on this passage Spedding says that "it is probably a true explanation of a habit of Bacon which seems at first sight a fault, and sometimes is, and of which a great many instances have been pointed out by Mr. Ellis—a habit of inaccurate quotation." After reading this it is interesting to glance over the pages of the "Advancement of Learning" in the same volume. It is printed as written in the original English with such changes of phraseology and, in some cases, of ideas as the Latin translations contained.\*

The "Novum Organum" was written by Bacon in Latin. He revised it yearly from 1608, when it was completed, to 1620, when it was published. That he re-wrote it twelve times, once each year, is a part of facts relating to his life. No question therefore arises as to whether Jonson rendered any aid in that work.

Whence then arose the story that Jonson was a familiar friend and a literary aid to Bacon? There is but one statement in regard to the fact from which all the modern versions are derived. Archbishop Tenison, in his "Baconiana," published in 1679, says: "The Latin translations of them (relating to the Essays only) was a work prepared by divers hands; by those of Dr. Hackett (late Bishop of Litchfield),

\* On almost every page are Mr. Spedding's notes, some quite voluminous, showing where the Latin translation added, omitted and changed in language, also in ideas, the English original. The fact is, Bacon had translated the work himself, and, in hundreds of instances, had mistranslated his own words, as he was charged with habitually doing with the words of others,



Mr. Benjamin Jonson (the learned and judicious poet), and some others whose names I once heard from Dr. Rawley, but I cannot now recall them."

Tenison says that he had from Dr. Rawley a list of the scholars who aided in translating, not Bacon's general works, but the Essays. He alleged that he recollected two names, those of Dr. Hackett and Benjamin Jonson—he recollected no others. Tenison was forty-one years old when he published this work. At that age the memory of many men begins to fail; he admitted that he had forgotten other names given him by Rawley. He could have heard these names from Rawley only in the extreme old age of the latter, when *his* memory must also have partially or greatly decayed. On this basis of undoubted forgetfulness, admitted in one case and, under natural laws, nearly certain in the other case, rests the entire fable of Jonson's literary relations to Bacon.\*

E. A. CALKINS.

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#### WHERE MACBETH WAS SLAIN.

HALF a century before Shakespeare's play of *Macbeth* appeared, George Buchannan, the Scottish historian, had remarked how well fitted the tragedy and the whole legend of Macbeth was for the stage. The myths that had in time become associated with the name were collected together by the historian Hector Boece in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and are responsible for the errors concerning this remarkable Scottish character which have so long prevailed. We have learned to regard him as a vicious, fate-driven, unscrupulous usurper, whose reign was one trail of blood. All this, we are now assured, is a mist of error: we are now told that we should regard Macbeth as a mild, pacific prince, whose reign was one of tranquillity and plenty. Shakespeare, however, represents everything as the reverse. He portrays the date as one of lurid social and political upheaval, of anarchy and general dismay, and Macbeth himself as swiftly and surely travelling, through greed and crime, by usurpation, murder and intolerable tyranny, to the inevitable catastrophe which should destroy king and reign alike: and makes that fearful final scene of the tragedy take

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\* I have extended this treatise far beyond my original design. But, as I have often before found, when a writer begins to vindicate the truth of history his materials grow on his hands, and his proofs come winged at his bidding beyond the necessities of his case. The writer seeking to falsify history finds his fables shrink to dwarfishness and his testimonies wither under the breath of truth. The publisher must therefore give amplitudinous space to the interpreter of facts, while the author of fable will need but little.

place in Dunsinane, in front of the very castle gates of the doomed Macbeth. It is with this last scene of the tragedy that we propose to deal in this paper.

As a matter of fact Dunsinane never claimed such awful renown as the genius of Shakespeare has clothed it with. His genius, rather than the fact, heralds it to us as the scene of incidents that thus inherently had great, grave and grewsome influence on the future destinies of the nation. To-day, therefore, Dunsinane is pointed out as the chief jewel of the district in which it is located. Tourists make pilgrimages there and gaze on the spot, picturing to themselves momentous combats taking place which never did in fact occur there.

Justice seems to demand that this error, which the immortality of the play makes so prominent, should be righted with the student, tourist and truthseeker. And herein we propose to do so for the benefit of those who may not know the facts.

The tradition prevalent for ages, and unhesitatingly accepted, over a wide district of the north of Scotland, as to the tragic end of Macbeth, is that he was slain at a spot in the Perk Hill, in the parish of Lumphanan, district of Mar, and county of Aberdeen. The heap of stones in the said Perk Hill, about a mile north of the kirk, which to this day is called Macbeth's cairn, is regarded as the place of the fated monarch's sepulture. There are, besides this particular cairn, numerous lesser cairns scattered over this Perk Hill to the north, near to which sword-blades, stone battle-axes and other memorials of warfare have been found. It is likely that these cairns mark the spot where the diminished forces of the unfortunate king were vanquished. In the neighboring parish of Tough there are, also, a few cairns, one of which is named after Macbeth's son, who, it is believed, was further pursued and finally overtaken and slain there.

The cairn known as Macbeth's Cairn according to the old statistical account of the parish, "rose pretty high in the middle," but now is not much elevated above the field in which it is situated. It is protected by a dry stone dyke and is a conspicuous object from the turnpike which climbs the hill. Having gone to the school from the manse of this parish we are familiar with the whole region. We used to make the cairn the goal of our short trips. Every time we visited the spot we carried out the traditional custom of "adding one more stone to the cairn," full of awe all the while.

About half a mile west from the kirk is the farm Cairnbady, on which is the Brae of Strettum, where Macbeth, according to the same tradition already referred to, was wounded. It was thought for ages unlucky to disturb the spot which was associated with the memory of the monarch whom the genius of Shakespeare had immortalized. When the attempt was first made to plough it the oxen ran off and did not stop till they reached the Peel Ring, another historical spot,

not very far off. But it would appear as if the spell had been at length broken, for the Brae of Stretum has for three generations now been successfully cultivated. Nothing now remains to distinguish the brae's former wild state but a rough boulder, called Macbeth's stone. It is believed that Macbeth rested on this stone for a short space on his last flight to the Perk Hill. This stone is a conspicuous object just outside the track of the Deeside Railway—the road that transports the present sovereign, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, from Aberdeen to Ballater on her way to Balmoral. The traveller, after reaching Lumphanan Station, and passing the kirk and the bridge near the Peel Ring, if he keeps his eyes alert, will come to a short cutting, at the outside edge of which, on the left, is the famous stone. This stone must no doubt be an object of interest to the royalties who journey over this road; particularly, we should imagine, and more so lately, to Her Majesty herself. For is it not indeed a representative of that very Macduff who so wonderfully slew the usurper Macbeth on bringing him to bay, and to whom was addressed the last awful challenge of the spell-bound monarch in his last despair?

“Lay on Macduff:  
And damned be he  
Who first cries ‘Hold, enough!’”

Is it not to-day the Thane of Fife, whose race has been so allied with the royal houses of Scotland, who has won for his consort the fairest daughter of the next ruler of the British Empire? This is one of those strange coincidences sometimes furnished by time. For it was in those same lovely heath-crowned Highland desmesnes, once the scene of such tragedy, that were plighted the troths of these scions of present and past royalties. Such is the charm of these Highland retreats, which still make one feel eerie, and whiles yet fill one with a dread uncanniness. Superstition and its power is perhaps not yet dead in these parts; but it has been the consummation of such events as these that finally seems to propitiate and lay the unwearied and weird powers of the uncanny in such spheres. Did these powers still reign even in our imagination, they might intimate to an astonished world that the race of the Thane of Fife, the holding of which rank had always indicated the right to royal heirship and succession, has aye been under the protective spell of the genius of the place, and things brought about to such end and purpose to cement a union propitious to the mysterious powers that have surely held the representatives of the contracting houses in such marked favor, and effected such a wonderful coincidence of time. The incident of this interlude has surely great temptations for word-spinning: so we leave it.

Some etymologists regard the name of Cairnbady itself as having been derived from this stone: *bady* being an alteration from *bathy*—the same, they claim, as *Betha*.

There is another spot locally identified with Macbeth. On a line between Macbeth's Stone and Macbeth's Cairn, past which now runs a public road, and overlooking which is the bridge and railroad embankment, beside a modern hamlet, called Burnside, opposite the kirk—between which places is the "burn," from the contiguity to which the parish takes its name [in Celtic *Llan*, or *Lan*, signifies a church: *Fan*, a descent: and *An*, water]—is "Macbeth's Well." Here we can again imagine the hard-pressed fugitive procuring a last moment's respite and refreshment—his last on earth—ere he was finally o'erta'en and o'ercome on the Perk Hill, by flesh and blood unborn of woman.

This well contains the finest water we have ever drank: deliciously cool in summer, and warm in winter. It is neatly built up, and is in no danger of ever becoming dry. It bubbles to the surface, these peaceful times, as clearly and as crystal-like as it did in those remote and seldom peaceful periods.

All these local facts certainly indicate a strong case against the claims of Dunsinane as the scene of the death of Macbeth: besides, no other place has similar pretensions. Let us now see, therefore, what historians do say:

"Macbeth, the son of Finleg, reigned seventeen years; he was slain at Lunfanan by Malcolm, the son of Duncan." That is the brief notice of the event in the Register of St. Andrew's ("Johnstone's Antiq. Celt. Norm.," p. 148).

"Macbeth, seeing his own forces daily diminishing, and those of his adversary increasing, suddenly left the southern parts of the kingdom and fled to the north, in whose narrow passes, and in the depths of whose forests, he hoped to find safety. Malcolm, however, quickly followed him across the mountains to Lunfanan, where he slew him in a skirmish, with his few followers, on the 5th of December, 1056." That is what the great Fordoun says ("Forduni Scotichronicon," Lib. V., C. VII.).

A similar testimony is borne by Wyntown ("Wyntownis Cronykil," Book VI., Cap. XVII.):

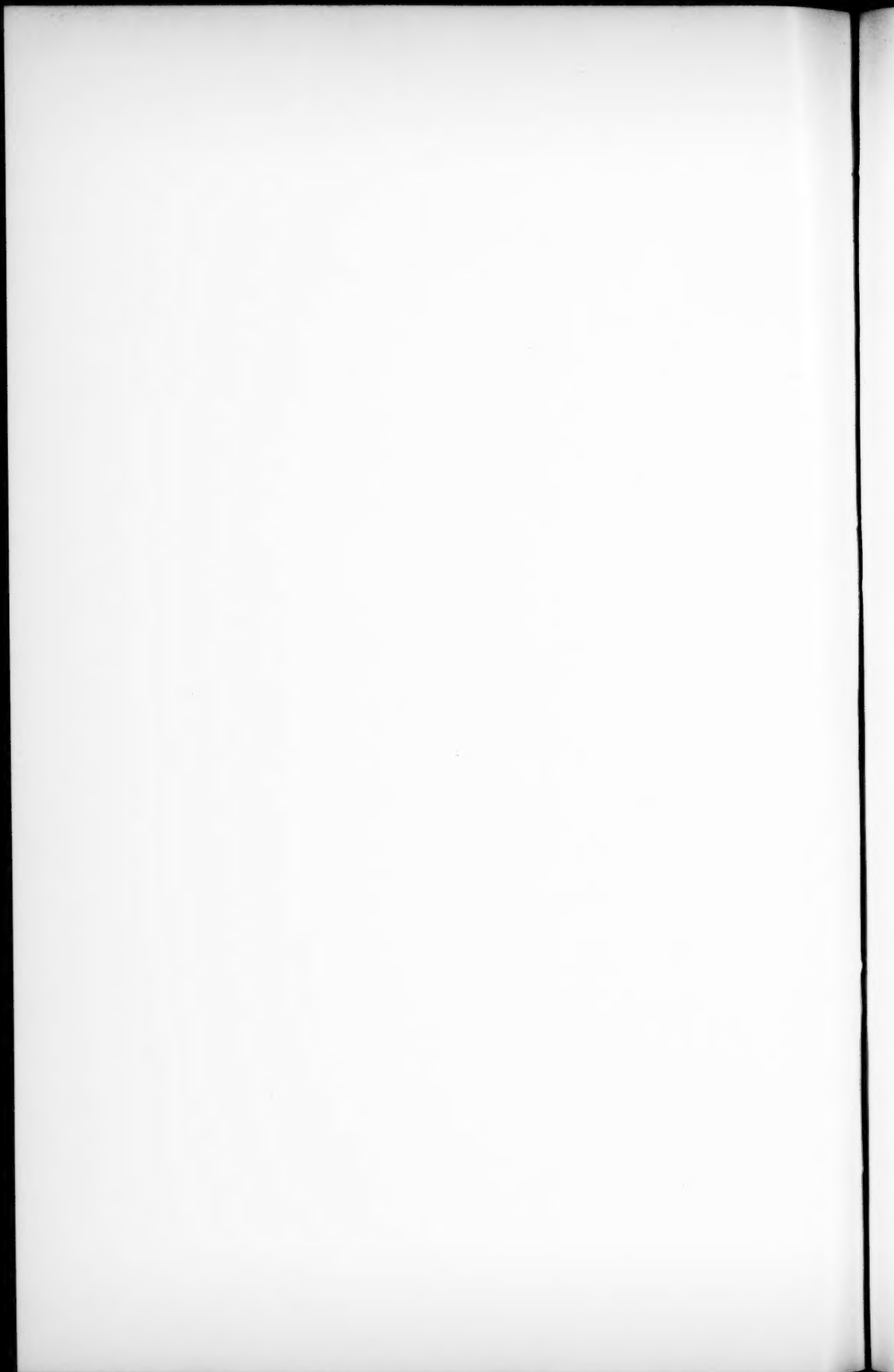
"He wes rycht wà, and tuk the flycht:  
And owre the Mownth thai chàst hym than  
Til the Wode of Lunfanan.  
This Makduff wes thare màst felle,  
And on that chàs than màst crwele.  
Bot a Knycht, that in that chàs  
Til this Makbeth than nerest was,  
Makbeth turned him agayne,  
And sayd, 'Lurdane, thow prykys in wayne,  
For thow may noucht be he, I trowe,  
That to dede sall slà me nowe.  
That man is nowcht borne of Wyf  
Of powere to rewe me my lyfe.'

"The Knycht said, 'I was nevyr borne;  
But of my Modyr Wàme wes schorne.  
Now sall thi Tresowne here tak end.'



HON. MARTIN W. COOKE.

*Author of "The Human Mystery in Hamlet."*





"Thus Makbeth slwe thai than  
 Into the Wode of Lunfanan;  
 And his Hewyd thai strak off thare;  
 And that wyth thame frà thine thai bare  
 Til Kynkardyne, quhare the Kyng  
 Tyll thare gayne-come made byding.  
 Of that slawchter are thire wers  
 In Latyne wrythyne to rehers;

"Rex Macabeda decem Scotiæ septemque fit annis,  
 In cujus regno fertile tempus erat:  
 Hunc in Lunfanan truncavit morte crudeli  
 Duncaninatus, nomine Malcolimus."

"Malcolm, having received from King Edward ten thousand English soldiers, returned to Scotland, and hotly pursued Macbeth to Dounsinnan, and from thence to Lunfanan. There Macduff, the Thane of Fife, whose wife and children he had lately ordered to be slain, killed him, and, presenting his head as a gift to Malcolm, received the highest awards." So says Bishop Leslie (*"De origine moribus et rebus gestis Scotorum,"* Lib. V., 85).

"Macbeth retreated to the fastnesses of the north and protracted the war. His people forsook his standard. Malcolm attacked him at Lunfanan, in Aberdeenshire: abandoned by his few remaining followers, Macbeth fell (5th December, 1056)." So says Dalrymple (*"Annals,"* pp. 2, 3).

"The Northumbrians, led by Siward and his son Osbert, penetrated probably to Dunsinan. In this vicinity were they confronted by Macbeth, when a furious conflict ensued. The numbers of the slain evince the length of the battle and the bravery of the combatants. Osbert was slain; yet Macbeth, after all the efforts and valour and vigour of conduct, was overcome. He retired into the north, where he had numerous friends, and where he might find many fastnesses. Siward returned into Northumberland, and died at York in 1055. Meantime, Macbeth continued his bloody contest with Malcolm; and this uncommon character was at length slain at Lumphanan, on the 5th December, 1056, by the injured hand of Macduff." So says Chalmers (*"Caledonia,"* Vol. I., pp. 409, 410).

"Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighbourhood of his celebrated Castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the castle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056." So says Sir Walter Scott (*"History of Scotland,"* Vol. I., p. 18).

Now no one has ever accused the immortal Shakespeare of desiring to rob any place of its historical honors and rights: unless he found it necessary, indeed, to do so, in such instance, in order to place the last tragic scene where he would be able alone to construct his folios so as to contain the cipher known but to him and (discovered by) a nineteenth-century genius; which proceeding, in these after generations,

would rob himself of his honor and fame; or for some such purpose of providing material for such a Bacon-Donnelly conspiracy and for the purpose of cheating himself out of his immortality.

The explanation of Shakespeare's apparent mistake is simple. The mistake was more that of the historian from whom he derived his conception of the tragedy. Shakespeare was ignorant of the facts, and their importance, furnished by tradition, except as he obtained them from "history." The fables that had accumulated for centuries around the name of Macbeth, we are told, were systematized in the sixteenth century by Hector Boece, from whose pages they were transferred to the "Chronicle" of Hollinshed, from which source Shakespeare derived his information. The following is what this historian says:

"Malcolme following hastilie, after Macbeth, came the night before the battell unto Birnane wood, and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them he commanded everie man to get a bow of some tree or other of that wood in his hand as big as he might bear, and to march forthwith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closely and without sight in this manner, within view of his enemies. On the morrow, when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter meant; but in the end remembered himself, that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Birnane wood to Dunsinane Castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to do valiantlie. Howbeit his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs, when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betooke him streight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came to Lunfannaine, where Macbeth, perceiving that Macduff was hard at his back, leapt beside his horse, saying, 'Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldst thus in vain follow me, that am not appointed to be slaine by anie creature that is born of woman; come on, therefore, and receive thy reward, which thou hast deserved for thy pains;' and there withall he lifted up his sword, thinking to have slain him. But Macduff, quicklie avoiding from his horse, yer he came at him, answered, (with his naked sword in his hand) saying, 'It is true, Macbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie have an end; for I am even he that thy wizzards have told thee of, who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb;' there withall he stepped unto him, and slew him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it to Malcolme. This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen." (I., 351.)

Shakespeare's version—was it not all dramatical, and complete, and adaptable? It brought the final action of the tragedy into one compact scene. The range of action of the closing scene was not extended before the Castle of Dunsinane. He disregarded Lunfanan by dramatic license. The latter was probably an insignificant place in the near neighborhood, he possibly thought, and it would be foolish to allow the impending action to be interfered with. That was the misfortune of Lunfanan, and the historian's mistake: it did not appear in

the chronicle that the real scene of the combat was remote from Dunsinane, and the dramatic requirement necessitated the closing of the tragedy right before the castle gates. He desired a prompt development of a strong situation: towards which his plot had worked as to a grand, tragical climax right at the portals of his hero's own citadel. Such was Shakespeare's purpose. Such is the common license taken by adapters of history. To Shakespeare this was perhaps a *legendary* history: hence compactness of action was aimed to be secured on the stage which would give a semblance of reality to the doubtful.

Lumphanan is one of the pleasant places on Upper Deeside, and is rich in points of interest. Besides what we have already noted, the Peel Ring might be more particularly mentioned as being a remarkable remnant of antiquity of the fortress order. The Houff is also another remnant of a place of strength. The Loch of Auchlossan was a sheet of water that has been drained and converted into about 300 acres of rich farming soil. The Slug of Dess—which waterfall point is utilized for the drainage of the loch—is a picturesque spot to visit. But of course the relics connected with Macbeth are of most interest. The Cairn itself is located, as said, in the Perk Hill, on the estate of Francis Farquharson, of Finzean, M.P. for the Western Division of the county. Around the Cairn the hill is cultivated, while beyond is moor and wood. All along the hill to the top is a strip of cultivation wrung by hard toil from the heather. Numerous little homes are scattered over this hill, occupied by poor, industrious tenants. When one sees how human hands make homes for human hearts out of such adverse surroundings—wrestling with nature in its worst form—one is filled with admiration at the thrift which makes honesty honorable to these humble folks. This road has been travelled by distinguished transients, including royalty itself. The Queen travelled over this road one early autumn day on her visit to William McCombie, of Tillyfour, M.P., "that distinguished breeder of polled cattle," as William Black would have described him, as he does some of his notables in "Prince Fortunatus."

During our frequent rambles over this region we used to wish for opportunity to have justice awarded to "Our Highland Parish." And if this should effect that, in however humble way, we feel we have performed a duty to the brown-heath land of our early associations. Every parish in these regions is rich in legendary lore, historical honors and weird witchcraft well worthy the attention of the curious. But the facts established herein in connection with Macbeth mark Lumphanan as the most distinguished of them all.

ROBERT C. AULD.

### CYMBELINE.\*

To which class of dramatic composition does this play properly belong? It is not a tragedy, because the hero and heroine survive; it is not a comedy, because there are in it murders, war and bloodshed in plenty.

It is a dramatic poem. If it were turned into prose it might be termed a romance—that is, a novel with elements of the supernatural and a train of events in which are intermingled about equally the probable and improbable. We are told that in a regular drama there is one single dramatic passion presented, and that this passion must be depicted in its (1) origin, (2) growth, (3) outbreak, and (4) its results. These four phases are some of the elements of dramatic unity, the others being time, place and general fitness. We are also assured that in Shakespeare's regular construction the dramatic emotion is brought to a climax about the middle of the third act. Before the real action of the play begins, there should be a muster of all the characters whose combined action is to make the drama. The place of the action and its time, also the social rank, condition and relation to each other of the different personages, their state of feeling and fortune must be indicated. This is called the "Protasis," and should fill two-thirds or three-fourths of the first act. After this Protasis comes the development or thickening of the plot, called the "Epitasis," and after the Epitasis the "Climax."

Is there in *Cymbeline* one pre-eminent dramatic passion? Drake declares its theme to be "a meek forbearance and untiring affection." Is there a pre-eminent crime? The falsehood and calumny of Jachimo is that, perhaps. What is the Protasis of the play? We have the scene in Britain in the garden of the king's palace. Two gentlemen relate that Imogen, the daughter and heir of the kingdom, had married a perfect and lovely youth, an adopted son of Cymbeline, named Posthumus Leonatus, who had been banished on account of this marriage. The history of Posthumus is given, also the account of the abduction of the king's son twenty years before. Posthumus and Imogen then appear and, exchanging tokens, separate with many expressions of sorrow and love. The King and Queen enter, and in their conversation betray their desire that Imogen should have wedded Cloten. Pisanio hurries in with the news that Cloten and Posthumus have crossed swords. Cloten and two Lords comment upon the duel and allude to Imogen's indifference to the rough prince. We have now started the thread of the story, which is British in its setting and probably original with the poet. We now begin the story from Boccacio,

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whose scene is laid in Rome. We have a conversation between Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman and a Spaniard relating to Posthumus, who then enters the room and joins in the conversation. He makes the wager with Iachimo which leads to the subsequent events. In Scene 5 Cornelius and the Queen talk about poison and medical experiments.

Thus far the "Protasis."

All the *dramatis personæ* are introduced directly or indirectly except the Roman ambassador. According to the definition of the Protasis just given, we understand their state of mind and their relation to each other, also the suggestion of the motives which shall influence subsequent actions. In the "Epitasis" we see two veins worked successively; one, the persecution of the heroine by the coarse and brutal tyranny of her father and step-mother, lightened only by the conscience of Cornelius and the devotion of Pisanio; the other, the treacherous and disguised persecution by the vain and sensual Iachimo, who is apparently utterly destitute of respect for womankind. By cruelty in Britain and treachery in Italy the fortunes of Imogen are affected, her character developed and tested. The introduction of the Roman ambassadors in the third act, although late in the play, is made in order to account for the war, in which Posthumus shall confront the enemy of his peace, and shall also have an opportunity to distinguish himself as a soldier and win the king's favor. By means of the same event Belarius and the boy princes are enabled to return to court unpunished.

Is the "Climax" of Imogen's passion reached in the third act? It seems to me that in Scene 4 she does reach the moment of her greatest agony. For she is then thrust from the highest point of hope and expectation into the deepest and most crushing despair. Not only is she disappointed in failing to meet her husband, but she learns his dark suspicions of her and his cruel command that her faithful Pisanio, her one friend, shall slay her. She is at first willing to die, and then, her natural firmness and courage returning, her deathless love for Leonatus prompts her not only to find some excuse for him, but to desire to disguise herself and go to Italy, where she may see him or hear from him. This disguise leads to the poetical episode of the cave, the acquaintance of the princely boys, the death of Fidèle, the dirge of Arviragus. The Climax is reached by the battle; the rescue of the king; the mutual recognitions of long separated friends; the repentance of Iachimo; the noble words of forgiveness uttered by Posthumus; the reunion of the lovers; the reconciliation with Rome, and the happy presage of the soothsayer.

In criticising a play we are advised to look at it from three standpoints: I., Ethics; II., Esthetics; III., Literature.

What are the moral truths conveyed and the poetical justice distributed?

1. The vile Cloten is overcome by the pure heroism of the young prince, who is the unconscious avenger of his sister.

2. The queenly poisoner is frustrated in her cruel designs by an unsuspected conscience in Cornelius. She loses the son for whose sake she perpetrated and planned her crimes, and dies in a wicked frame of mind, only repenting that she had not succeeded in her wicked schemes.

3. Iachimo never knows a moment of peace after his tissue of calumniating falsehood has been uttered. The memory of pure and saintly womanhood scourges him into a heartfelt repentance. His wanton disrespect led to his fall, his veneration for woman leads to his recovery. As Goethe says in *Faust*, "Eternal womanhood draws us to Heaven." Posthumus is culpably weak and wanting in real respect for Imogen, or he would never have, for one instant, consented to such a plan as Iachimo proposed. Iachimo had probably never met a thoroughly noble woman in his life of dissipation and riot, but Posthumus had had a totally different experience. The only excuse for his conduct is in the crudity and ignorance of the times in which he lived. He suffers keenly, atones, so far as he can, by risking his life to save Imogen's father's, and is rewarded by her unexpected reappearance and her complete forgiveness.

4. Belarius' sin in abducting the children was punished by the whole train of events which were the result of the act, yet his wrongdoing was the result of a keen sense of injustice. He had been robbed by Cymbeline, and had yielded to a revengeful impulse, for which he atoned by fidelity to the training of the boys in virtue and contentment. He is permitted to restore them to their father at a time when Cymbeline stands sorely in need of their assistance.

5. What of Cymbeline? I imagine him to be a big, tawny-haired, blue-eyed, ruddy man, like one of Wagner's heroes, with a very remote, hard-to-reach, slow-acting brain, very easily thrown into confusion. He was a slave to his wife's beauty and cunning ambition, and to clownish Cloten's erratic flashes of sense. He had lost through disuse all power to act or think for himself. Like many another man who marries the second time, he is indifferent to and selfishly negligent of his own child. Too dull to be just, too indolent to defend the helpless Imogen, and like all the other men of his rude age holding her personality and her feelings at a very light valuation, he drifts along and is negatively wicked by allowing the wickedness of others. His defiance of the Romans, which was the result of the queen's advice, led to a war disastrous to his army and nearly fatal to himself. His injustice to Belarius led to the loss of his boys. After his wife's death and Cloten's disappearance he brightens up and somewhat retrieves his reputation. But he does not seem to suffer very much either at his wife's death or at the revelation of her deception and treachery. It



does not appear that the ethical discipline of this old gentleman was very satisfactory. Are there not many people, in plays and out of them, of whom the same remark might be made?

6. Imogen's character seems more like that of saint than mortal. She is generally described as a being all sweetness. I find in her not only sweetness but a good deal of mental vigor and wit. Although in the main gentle, she can be keen, reflective, witty and severe upon occasion. She loves a beautiful, good and worthy man whom she has known and trusted from childhood. Only once she seems to doubt him, and then she blames some painted jay of Italy for his shortcomings. She is through all her terrible afflictions exceedingly dignified and noble. Although the victim of cruelty and treachery, she preserves meekness and patience through it all, and is rewarded by reconciliation with her aged father, the restoration of her brothers and the blissful reunion with her repentant and forgiven husband.

II. What are the artistic beauties of this play? What pictures or tableaux vivants do we find in it?

1. The scene in the bed-chamber. We must imagine a large stone castle of one story, with perhaps a tower at one angle of its base. The house consists of one large central hall, called the *mead-hall*, because here the table was almost constantly spread, and the mead made from boiled honeycomb fermented was quaffed from large horns which could not be set down upon the table until they were empty. Around this central hall were grouped the sleeping-rooms of the family, opening into it by arches hung with arras. No doors are found in Saxon houses of that period. Evidently many luxuries had been imported from Rome, for Imogen's room had velvet tapestry, brass andirons and handsome ceiling. The floors were strewn with rushes, the couches covered with skins. The feeble taper just reveals the form of Imogen, whose golden unbound hair waves over the pillow, while her arm encircled with the bracelet lies upon the coverlid, and from her sleepy fingers the book or parchment scroll has dropped. From that dark chest in the corner cautiously emerges the sinuous form of the snake-like invader. He noiselessly creeps to the bedside, and hastily glancing at the surroundings, he bends over the beautiful sleeper, hears her soft breathing, notes the mole upon her breast, slips the bracelet from her arm, and as silently crawls back to the black box, fit receptacle for such a thief!

2. Imogen in the cave, eating what she finds there like a stray bird, discovered by the boys.

3. Her death and obsequies.

4. The battle scene where Cymbeline is rescued.

5. The scene between Iachimo and Posthumus.

6. Where Imogen, disguised as Fidèle, is struck by Posthumus and falls.

### III. What are the literary beauties of this play?

1. The soliloquy of Iachimo in the bed-chamber is the first and most familiar example. His poetry is only equalled by his audacity and coolness, which could at such a time think of Cytherea and Tarquin.

2. The soliloquies of Imogen show how her mind and heart alternately prompt her speech and how rapidly she passes from one point of view to another in a thoroughly feminine manner. But the moralizing she makes is, artistically speaking, a blemish. Notice this: "Pray you, since doubting things go ill often hurts more, than to be *sure* they do; for certainties either are past remedies or, timely knowing the remedy then born, discover to me what both you spur and stop." A modern dramatist would not indulge in such a suspension or divergence of thought, but would have made her say, "Pray you, discover to me what both you spur and stop." She is very plain with Cloten. "*I hate you*," she says. Her speeches to him are severe and daring, imprudent, reckless of consequence and very natural for a princess and an inexperienced girl. In her impassioned dialogue with Pisanio occur many beautiful expressions, as, "The innocent mansion of my love—my heart," and when she alludes to herself with a keen appreciation of her own pathetic appearance as the "lamb," the "elected deer."

3. In the speech in front of the cave she comments upon the hardships of a man's life, and does not seem to care to permanently assume his costume or his position. She moralizes on the condition of the wretched whose succor continually eludes their weary feet; she excuses poor people for lying, because the rich are no better and because kings are false as well as beggars. The word *false* instantly brings to her mind the falseness of her husband, and her hunger, which had been ravenous, leaves her entirely. She spies the entrance to the cave, and the sight of food therein seems to revive her hunger, so she calls, and receiving no answer, ventures in. Here even in that hour of distress her wit sparkles, and she exclaims, as she walks in with a drawn sword, "If mine enemy but fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. Such a foe—good heavens!"

4. After she enters the service of Lucius her speeches are more terse and direct, more like the masculine character she assumes.

5. The Queen says of Britain that it "stands as Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in with rocks unscalable and roaring waters, with sands that will not bear your enemies' boats, but suck them to the topmast."

6. In Act III., Scene 3, we have a very poetical conversation between Belarius and the two boys. They emerge from the low-roofed cave and adore the heavens. Belarius tells them how very happy they are in retirement, saying: "We shall find the sharded beetle in a safer

hold than is the full-wing'd eagle." He declares their country life is "nobler than attending for a check; richer than doing nothing for a bribe; prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk."

But the boys object. Guiderius replies: "We poor unfledged have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not what air's from home."

Arviragus complains, "Our cage we make a quire, as doth the prisoned bird, and sing our bondage freely."

To which the aged warrior replies as old people generally do to young ones, that they don't know what they are talking about. He gives them a little of his history and concludes with the beautiful lines, "Then was I as a tree whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night a storm, or robbery, call it what you will, shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves, and left me bare to weather."

7. In Act IV., Scene 2, Belarius gives a fine description of the princely boys, after the combat with Cloten, and shows his firm belief in heredity. He exclaims: "O thou goddess, thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st in these two princely boys! They are gentle as zephyrs blowing below the violet, not wagging his sweet head; and yet as *rough*, their royal blood enchafed as the rud'st wind, that by the top doth take the mountain pine, and make him stoop to the val."

'Tis wonder that an invisible instinct should frame them to royalty unlearned, honor untaught; civility not seen from others; valor that wildly grows in them but yields a crop as if it had been sowed.

8. In the same scene, Arviragus makes this exquisite lament over the dead Fidèle:

"With fairest flowers whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidèle, I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack the flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor the azur'd harebell, like thy veins, no, nor the leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander, out-sweetened not thy breath; the redbreast would, with charitable bill—O bill, sore-shaming those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie without a monument!—bring thee all this; yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none, to winter-ground thy corse."

9. The antiphonal song of the brothers in the same scene is pretty, but I think uneven in quality:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou, thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

And we need not attempt to more than catalogue that sweetest of all sweet songs, never to be too much admired:

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus gins arise," etc.

10. In Act V., Scene 3, we have a spirited description by Posthumus of the brave stand in the lane made by Belarius and the boys :

“ Athwart the lane,  
He with two striplings,—lads more like to run  
The country base than to commit such slaughter ;  
With faces fit for masks, or, rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,—  
Made good the passage, cried to those that fled,  
' Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men ;  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards, Stand !  
Or we are Romans and will give you that  
Like beasts which you shun beastly and may save,  
But to look back in frown : Stand, stand !'  
These three with this word ' Stand, stand,'  
Accommodated, by the place more charming  
With their own nobleness which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,  
Past shame, past spirit renewed.”

11. In Act V., Scene 5, occur two dignified and noble speeches.  
Jachimo, kneeling, says to Posthumus :

“ I am down again ;  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,  
Which I so often owe ; but your ring first,  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith.”

Posthumus replies :

“ Kneel not to me ;  
The power that I have on you is to spare you,  
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,  
And deal with others better.”

Could we close our study with a sweeter and more Christian  
sentiment than this?

J. DE LA MONTAGNE LOZIER.

## OPHELIA AND HAMLET.

THE interview between Hamlet and Ophelia in the third act of the play is characterized by Mr. Henry Irving as the most difficult to enact of all the scenes in dramatic literature. He insists that it cannot be properly understood without bearing in mind, at the time of its performance, the argument of the entire play. If so, then it follows that there should be found in it a key which will solve the riddle and supply the true explanation of the relations of these characters, lead to a discovery of the heart of Hamlet's mystery, which is so carefully concealed from the other persons of the drama, and bring on the resurrection of the secret which seemingly died with Horatio.

This scene constitutes the only interview between the hero and the heroine. There is no manifestation of their mutual affection and no direct admission of such passion by either character unless it may be by Hamlet's declaration at the grave of Ophelia. This indicates that their relations form simply a part of the argument of the play and not its theme. What would be thought of the play of *Romeo and Juliet* if the publication of the passion of the hero and heroine for each other were left to the speeches of the other characters? Imagine the play of *Othello* so constructed that the speech and action of the hero would be foreign to Desdemona and devoted to any subject but his relations to her; and his jealousy manifested only by the insinuations of Iago or the revelations of Cassio! Hamlet's love for Ophelia is a prominent element in the play, it is true; but it is equally true that it is not the purpose of the author to make its activity or reality the end of the delineation. The first intimation of this passion is in the speech of Laertes to Ophelia in the third scene of the first act. He makes light of it and basely perverts its character. In the same scene Polonius similarly treats it. Ophelia is a party to the dialogue in each instance. She makes no admission of her own affection for the Prince, but the implication is that he loves Ophelia, although the expressed opinions of Polonius and Laertes are that he does not. These dialogues simply postulate the fact of Hamlet's love; they indicate that this is one of the powerful emotions of his mind. The hero of the drama is not to struggle under the temptations of a single controlling passion like Macbeth, Othello, Coriolanus and other tragic heroes. In each of those characters the will is dominated, and his action determined, by a single passion, prominent and all-powerful in his spiritual government. They show that such spiritual government is unnatural, and the moral is clinched by the tragic termination of the struggle—the calamities appearing to result from such abnormal conditions. In *Hamlet* the same mental philosophy obtains. The will controls action and the passions

are forces directed to the determination of the hero's action to their gratification, but the purpose is not to have the hero's will appear to be governed by any passion—not even by revenge. Hamlet's will is stimulated by a command from without, and its deliberate activity is intended to be made single, addressed to one end or purpose, in the design of the poet to show it in contention with all the passions while it is so restrained and guided by the external supernatural command. The purpose is to illustrate the contention between the will of man under the restraint or control of law and the passion-powers within him, to the end of exhibiting to the spectator the actual spiritual condition of man in the world, or the contrast between principle and feeling as motives to action. After a complete unfolding of the hero's mind in the first act, revealing the presence and activity of a variety of passions, special emphasis resting on his love for Ophelia, the Ghost and Hamlet are brought together and the interview terminates with a commission accepted as a supernatural and authoritative command, and the hero swears implicit submission of his will to that of the Ghost. This ends the first act. It is only by this presentation that we have the data which explain the mental condition and plight of Hamlet after his interview with the Ghost, and which aid in the interpretation of his conduct in Ophelia's chamber. To claim that the explanation by Polonius is intended for the information of the spectator of the drama, or that it is the true explanation, would be to ridicule the play.

There is no reference to the love of Hamlet for Ophelia prior to the interview in her chamber, except that contained in the dialogues to which I have alluded.

In the first scene of the second act we have the graphic picture drawn by Ophelia, wherein the appearance and conduct of Hamlet are exhibited. The plight of this "Courtier's eye" was shocking, and not a word escaped that "scholar's tongue" in the presence of the "rose of May"—the object of his love. The silence of this "King of Words" and his plight and conduct indicate a terrific internal struggle, and the description by Ophelia reveals the reality and intensity of the struggle and at the same time the fact that Hamlet's love for her and his will, so governed as we have shown, were the contending forces. The scene would be as much a mystery to the spectator of the play as it is to Ophelia or Polonius, but for the revelations just made of the dread command and Hamlet's loyalty to it. Ophelia knew of his love, but not of the command of the Ghost. Polonius was likewise ignorant of that. Hamlet had just accepted the commandment as the supreme law of his mind to govern him in his future action, and he had solemnly sworn to subdue every other influence to action which was at war with such determination. The most powerful passion of his soul—his love for Ophelia—was the first to challenge this determination; and his will, which had been so stimulated by the supernatural command and



made single to its purpose, was first subjected to the gigantic efforts of his love for Ophelia to change that purpose. The author's intention is to reveal to the spectator the reality and intensity of the struggle in the hero's mind through the picture he made Ophelia draw, and at the same time to reveal the fact that Hamlet's will was at least the temporary victor. His determination remained. The influence of the Ghost's command continued. When he left that chamber he had conquered in the struggle with a power which sought to master him and change his determination to suffer only the commandment of the Ghost "to live all alone within the book and volume of his brain." If Hamlet had yielded then he would have broken faith with the Ghost. This account of Hamlet's plight and conduct must have a significant bearing upon the development of the argument of the play. The consciousness of this has led to the belief that the object of this scene is to manifest the vagaries of an insane person or the action of one simulating madness. Such is the supposition of most of the students of *Hamlet*.

The inquiry is why Ophelia is made to give this account of Hamlet's conduct; what does it signify to the spectator of the drama? The conduct of Hamlet in Ophelia's chamber and his plight reveal a fierce struggle in the hero's mind between his love for Ophelia and his will. A weak will, or one that had not been made single to a purpose contrary to that to which his love would move him, would have yielded to the influence of such a passion. The picture is of a battle-field which reveals the gigantic character of the conflict. The love that rose in rebellion against the will which had been subjected to that of the Ghost, had been baffled and no longer ruled within the mind of the hero and could not determine his action against the mandate to which he was loyal. Notwithstanding the presence of the object of his affection—the strongest stimulus in the hour of its trial and defeat—Hamlet's love was powerless to control his action. Even without the encouragement her presence gave it, the struggle had been intense. Why his doublet all unbraced?—wherefore hatless?—what influence had been at work in the mind of this "courtier's eye" that his stockings were so fouled, ungartered and down-gyved to his ankle? Why pale as his shirt? Why those knocking knees that so stiffly bore him in the presence of his father's ghost? And, too, that piteous look! In such a state he sought and found Ophelia.

Is this triumphant love? Love, when a potentate in power, promotes joy, enslaves fear, wars upon jealousy, commands and secures action. Mysterious as these conditions are to Ophelia and her father, they are readily understood by the spectator. Does the spectator indict the hero of a cruel affectation to deceive the object of his affections? By no means—he perceives the mental agitations resulting from conflicting emotions in the mind of Hamlet that brought about

these external conditions and the conduct of the Prince. It is nothing short of this that Shakespeare intended to impart to him.

Whenever we observe spontaneous action by an individual or reflect upon his persistent course of action and consider the cause of it or what determined it, it is natural and philosophical to attribute it to the influence of some passion or combination of passions. Conduct of one kind points to the influence of joy, another to mirth, another to grief, another to hate, another to suspicion, another to apprehension, another to pride. Every form of spontaneous rational action reflects the activity and influence of some passion. A course of action pursued by an individual justifies the inference that he is dominated by some passion which his action is calculated to gratify. If avarice controls any one, his persistent action is determined by it; and so it is with love, ambition and revenge. Men who act from some arbitrary principle of action dissociated from their own spontaneous desires are apt to be regarded as eccentric. Hamlet has not escaped such a judgment. The situation forced by the mandate of the Ghost rendered it impossible for Hamlet to act or speak as his feelings might dictate. In the first place, his feelings would lead him to a course different from that involved in the carrying out of the mandate; and, secondly, for him to act naturally or to speak his mind would reveal his secret, because a man's spontaneous action reveals the character of his feelings as his spontaneous speech reveals his thought. The speech and action demanded of him by the situation in the presence of the King or Court were necessarily incongruous.

As I have said, the only interview between Hamlet and Ophelia is that which immediately follows the great soliloquy beginning "To be, or not to be." I accept the statement of Mr. Irving that, in order to comprehend the scope and meaning of this interview and the soliloquy as well, we must consider them in the light of the purpose of the entire delineation. Without enlarging upon it I assert that the purpose of the play, and what its true interpretation imports, is to hold a mirror up to reflect the internal or spiritual condition of man in this world. Hamlet is a typical representation of all men and all women—humanity, in fact, as it is; not as it ought to be or ought not to be. Spiritually considered, man's action is brought about by spiritual forces which influence the will to act—his reason, when properly disciplined and developed, guides, modifies or limits the activity of the will, and the passions determine his action so regulated by reason. Every man in his mental or spiritual activity is subject to a higher law. The fact or reality of such a law above his power to repeal or modify is all that the author postulates. Being under such dominion man, as he is, appears to exist in this world in spiritual turmoil, because the internal forces which determine action do not influence the will to active and constant obedience to this law of his being. He is spiritually in a state

of insurrection. This disturbance begins with his life when appetites and passions clamor for their own gratification and demand such action as will serve their ends without regard to mandates of the law of his being—implicit obedience to which is the only condition of harmony and peace. Man's condition here is such that the resultants of these forces overcome the will or keep it in constant war with them. This constant conflict is never ended in any case, for no man is or can be perfect as a spiritual being in this world. Love is one of the most powerful of the spiritual forces to influence the will, and Hamlet's love for Ophelia or its effort to master his will is but one of the illustrations of this internal conflict. As we have shown, it was the first motive-power to challenge the determination of Hamlet. His will was temporarily triumphant over his love; but to be in turn opposed by other passions. These conflicts ended only with his death. This view enables us to understand the soliloquy beginning "To be, or not to be," and likewise the interview with Ophelia which immediately follows. Hamlet's love for Ophelia when he encountered her after this soliloquy was not the violent, ambitious, rebellious aspirant within his soul that it was immediately after he had parted from his father's ghost. It was made to appear to be powerless and subdued; and instead of racking and tearing him, he could treat it as calmly as he did the skull of Yorick. And when he entered upon this interview with Ophelia there was no such powerful force within him to induce the conduct manifested in her chamber. But to consider the soliloquy—this is a thinking aloud. His thought is upon the state or condition of man after death, and he ejaculates:

"To be, or not to be—that is the question."

Do we exist after death or is death the end? His query is: "Does death end all?"—one of the greatest questions that man can consider, one of the oldest with which he has puzzled himself. He first contemplates the calamities from which man is liberated if death be the end, and he concludes that they are not to be overcome or ended by opposition.

The alternative presented is submission or a hopeless struggle. The figure contained in the line, "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles," is rhetorically absurd; and by the impossibility of its conception the idea is conveyed of the hopelessness of such a contention. To undertake such a contest would be like taking arms against a sea. He is contemplating death as a refuge from troubles which he at once concludes cannot be ended by opposition in this life; and conceding to himself that death is no more than a sleep, he queries whether the troubles abide, and he proceeds to argue that these heartaches and shocks may be ended by the sleep of death, and he concludes that such sleep is preferable to life amidst such mental woes. He then passes to the contemplation of the possible afflictions peculiar to the state after

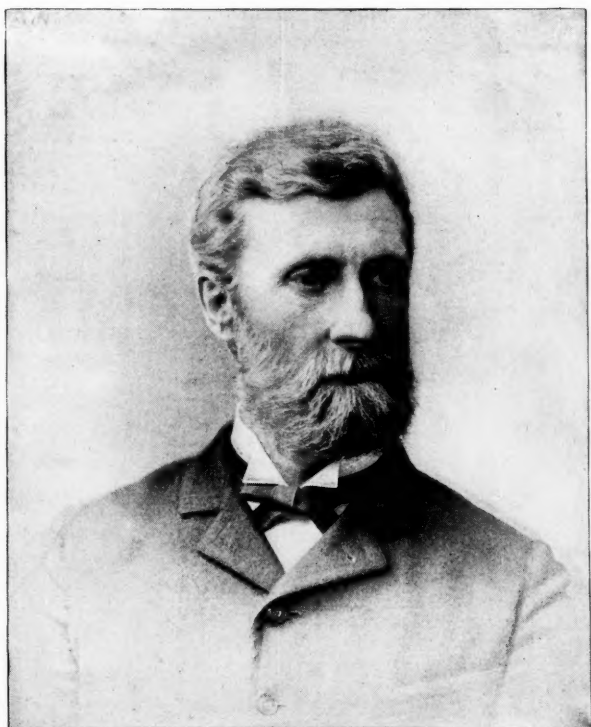
death. The spiritual troubles peculiar to life do not continue; but as death does not end all—as we are “to be,” there may come other slings and arrows more intolerable than those we would end by a death which is no more than a sleep.

His next expression is an argument that men do not regard death as a desired refuge from the spiritual calamities of this life. They bear the “whips and scorns of time” and the ills Hamlet enumerates because they cannot their *quietus* make by suicide. It is the dread of something *after* death that puzzles the will, “And makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.” The ills he specifies and deprecates are those which cause mental sufferings only.

This closes his contemplation of death as a refuge. He concedes that death ends such ills and that by it we escape them. If we were not “to be,” then death would be preferable to life; but as we are “to be,” and know not what other woes may be in store for us, it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than either to oppose them in hopeless struggle or to fly from them to others that may be less tolerable. It thus appears that all are made cowards, and that man yields to these enemies because of the mere contemplation of some possible evil to be encountered by flight. The feelings thus aroused puzzle the will, and so it is with all action that is inspired merely by resolution or principle. The will is hampered in respect of enterprises sanctioned by a predetermined or directed course of action, and inaction is the result. This was Hamlet's case. He describes his own condition, and so that of all men. Action resolved upon is not carried out because the will is overcome by opposing feelings.

At this juncture Ophelia appears. This is the first time after he parted from her in that agonized state in her chamber that he had come in contact with her, and her opening speech indicates that it had been a long time.

She asks: “Good my lord, how does your honour for this many a day?” and Hamlet's reply, “I humbly thank you; well, well, well,” reveals to the spectator the change that has come over him in respect of the influence of his affection for Ophelia upon his mental action. The mind that was so racked and torn before and at the time of the scene in Ophelia's chamber is not now disturbed by a contention which was then manifested between his will and his love for Ophelia. Hamlet then and Hamlet in this interview are different persons. Ophelia proposes to return his remembrances. Hamlet's reply is designed to impress upon the spectator the change wrought in his own mind. It is a denial of his identity with the person who presented the gifts. He says: “No, not I;—I never gave you aught.” The emphasis is on the personal pronoun. The reasoning is similar to that employed when he denied the doing of the wrong to Laertes and attrib



FREDERIC G. SMEDLEY, ESQ.

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uted the act to his madness. Hamlet subject to his love for Ophelia is not the same person as Hamlet governed by the command of the Ghost. In her ignorance of the change Ophelia does not comprehend the significance of this denial. Her reply reveals that there was a time when both the action and speech of Hamlet were determined by his love for her. This uncontradicted declaration informs the spectator that at a time prior to the revelations of the Ghost Hamlet's speech and action were dictated and determined by his passion for Ophelia, untrammelled by antagonistic resolution or the mandate of the Ghost. The spectator knows that under the influence of the commission imposed upon him the struggle with this passion had ensued, and he recognizes that he now yields to resolution or principle rather than to his love. The mental operations of Hamlet are what concern and interest the spectator, as the state, condition and operation of his mind are the chief concern of every person in the drama. All the lights of the play are turned upon his mental agitations.

Now, remembering that all the action and every speech and situation in the play are designed to impart the author's thought to the spectator, the ideas next conveyed follow logically from the situation as shown. We must remember that it is the author who is imparting his thought to the spectator—not Hamlet to Ophelia.

The questions to Ophelia, "Are you honest?" and "Are you fair?" are not to obtain information nor to imply a charge against her. They introduce or impress two ideas in harmony with the argument. Honesty leads to action dictated by resolution or principle, beauty induces action determined by passion. The reasoning which follows emphasizes the contrast between them.

Ophelia appears to be at a loss to understand the purport of the two inquiries as to her honesty and beauty, and she asks for explanation; and after a little parley of words, Hamlet says, "I did *love* you once."

That was when he was not dominated by the supernatural command which was above all dictates of passion. It is not the design of the author that Ophelia should appear to comprehend the force of Hamlet's speeches. She, in fact, is made to misinterpret them throughout.

The spectator understands the speech, "I loved you not," to refer to a subsequent time and to his state of mind when he had come under the dominion of his resolution to obey the law from without. Then he was not controlled by this passion, but by principle or resolution.

He then says: "Get thee to a nunnery," etc.

This is a commentary on her surroundings. Ophelia was pure. He had just settled it in his own mind, as shown by the soliloquy, that death was not to be sought as a refuge from the ills of this world; but here was a refuge for her, a resort where *she* would not be sub-



jected to the contaminations of this world or to those by which she was surrounded. That he meant to put the influences of honesty over against those of passion is indicated by his speech, following :

"I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me ; I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious," etc. The "offences" at his "beck" were inspired by these passions. He saw this lovely creature employed as the tool of a murderer's art playing a part with him, and liable to be contaminated by her surroundings, and a possible, if not probable, victim to the passions inspired and stimulated by her beauty ; and so bids her go to a nunnery. The very suggestion was a compliment to her purity and a condemnatory commentary on her environment. As if to justify this commentary, he suddenly pauses in his speech and asks her : "Where's your father?" to call forth, as it does, a falsehood. Ophelia promptly answers that he is at home ! Ah ! the weakness of even such as she ! She knows her father is not at home ; and in the business in which she is engaged, even she is tempted to lie, and yields. A nunnery is not a place of punishment. It is a refuge from the contaminations of the world. Hamlet's commentary was upon her surroundings and her purity ; and the necessity of a refuge for her to escape contamination is shown by this question and false reply.

The trend of thought which finds expression in this noted interview begins with the soliloquy wherein Shakespeare imparts to the spectator through the vocal thinking of his hero the profound truths that spiritually this life is an unceasing strife ; that death is not the end, but through it man enters into a state of existence the conditions of which he cannot anticipate, and that it is not to be sought voluntarily as a refuge from the ills which distract his mind in this world ; that the contemplation of the possible experiences of that state arouses feelings that deter him from such action as will initiate the life after death ; that here the principles which should govern his conduct are antagonized by his passions, which either counteract the influence of principles over the will and so prevent action, or by overcoming such influence secure action regardless of principle. The result is constant moral conflict within the soul of man. His spiritual environment here is contaminating, and in its influence tends to the destruction of principle and to the domination of lawless, unregulated passions.

Both he who contends that this scene is designed to exhibit the vagaries of an insane man and he who argues that it shows the action of one simulating madness are in error. It is apparent that if either were right they both would be, for the scene would be exactly the same if either purpose were intended. From Ophelia's standpoint the conduct of Hamlet is inexplicable, except upon the theory of his madness, and she so interprets it. Her explanation which follows this interview is no more designed to enlighten the spectator than is that

which Polonius makes, and which he is seeking to impress upon the mind of the King.

But what says the King, who has been a secret spectator of the scene for the very purpose of determining from it whether or not the Prince is insane from his love for Ophelia? He says that what Hamlet spake was *not like madness*. Would Shakespeare, if he sought by this noted interview to exhibit a mad hero or to make him appear to be simulating madness, allow the King thus to condemn his skill?

The same character summed up the cause of Ophelia's madness.

"Oh, this is the poison of deep grief."

That was genuine madness, which any passion persistently triumphant over the will and reason always produces. The subdued and pent-up passion of love allied with anger nearly dethroned Hamlet's reason, and almost overcame his loyalty to the command of his father's ghost. He was bidden by his father's spirit not to taint his own mind, but in the "towering passion," as he called it, aroused by Laertes' brave grief, he nearly lost his balance; and then and there he first confessed his constant love for Ophelia that it was such that the love of forty thousand brothers could not make up his sum.

It was with such a passion that he had struggled, and had his will been weak or other than giant-like, we might have had a raving Hamlet. His passions and his will and all that constituted Hamlet were the creation of Shakespeare's brain. He was an instrument that scorned to be played upon by the euphuistic courtiers; but in the hands of his creator and master, the most charming musician of the ages, he did discourse most excellent music, that will enchant and possibly mystify his listeners till the millennium.

MARTIN W. COOKE.

#### BYRON'S APPRECIATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

"There is a flower called 'Love and Idleness,'  
For which see Shakespeare's ever-blooming garden ;  
I will not make his great description less,  
And beg his British godship's humble pardon,  
If, in my extremity of rhyme's distress,  
I touch a single leaf where he is warden."

THERE is a prevalent notion that Byron did not appreciate Shakespeare. Leigh Hunt is originally answerable for this mistaken belief. Thomas Moore assisted in the deception, and at a later day Lord Macaulay adopted the same mistaken impression as true, and gave the weight of his ponderous judgment and forcible sentences to perpetuate the double libel on both authors.

It is undoubtedly true that Lord Byron may have said many things to lead both Hunt and Moore to believe that he thought Pope a greater writer than the author of *Hamlet*. But Byron's remarks, let fall to either Hunt or Moore, disclose but little of his real thoughts. There are two phases of Byron's character that must be kept always in mind in determining how much, or how little, he meant of what he said. There was always with him the love of a joke, and we suspect that when Mr. Hunt attempted to point out to him the beauties of Shakespeare, it caused him no little amusement, perhaps, sometimes, irritation. We are afraid, too, that Byron's nature often caused him to stand up against the received opinions of mankind, and that occasionally he liked to shock people by pretended opinions that were very far from what he actually believed.

That he did appreciate to the full the works of the great bard, his own writings, which, after all, are the best evidence, amply prove. The way in his own poetry he utilized the thoughts and expressions of Shakespeare, shows that he was deeply imbued with them. I have lately made what I believe to be, to some extent, a departure from the usual direction in the study of Shakespeare, and have spent considerable time in what may possibly be as profitable as it has been interesting, if it should succeed in turning others in the same direction. Heretofore, the study of Shakespeare, outside of obtaining the meaning of the text and the right reading thereof, has been chiefly directed (very profitably, it is true) to ascertain where the great poet obtained his materials, and what, in the authors that preceded him, suggested his mighty thoughts. A study of how his successors have utilized what he accomplished has at least put into my hands the materials to refute the aspersions that Hunt, Moore and Macaulay cast upon an immortal name, which, if true, would belittle the genius of the one and cast a doubt on that of the other. I could not love Shakespeare as I

do, if Byron, whom I love only less, did not also love and appreciate him.

It is impossible in this place to set down all or even a considerable number of the thoughts which Shakespeare suggested to Byron, or the quotations which Byron so aptly made use of from Shakespeare, or even the expressions which Byron so reverently used, when he addressed the public, in speaking of his great predecessor.

While still a boy, recalling "the scenes of his childhood—the village and the school of Harrow," he wrote how

"As Lear I poured forth the deep imprecation,  
By my daughters of kingdom and reason deprived  
Till fired by loud plaudits of self-adulation,  
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived."

Later in life, describing Venice in that "deathless fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*," he wrote, "I loved her from my boyhood," concluding with the climax—because "Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art had stamped her image in me."

When in the anger of his heart he sneers against the "Scotch Reviewers," "that they may feel they too are 'penetrable stuff,' he complains that Shakespeare was forgot," quotes in preface and poem eight times from him, and decorates his title-page with Hotspur's fling at the "metre ballad-mongers." In the "Hints from Horace," of which it is reported that Byron himself thought very highly, Shakespeare is made the model for writers, and the author alludes to or quotes from him twelve times, though it is only a short poem. But it is in "*Don Juan*," "that greatest repository of wit in any language," that the evidence of his familiarity with Shakespeare is most abundant. Everywhere here, where the plan of the work permitted him to ramble in any paths, or in no paths at all, a word, a phrase, a situation or suggestion from "his British godship" was ever at the end of his "grey goose quill." In all of Byron's works there are, of references and quotations for which he is indebted to Shakespeare, one hundred and forty-eight.

Whether he was "'at his old lunes'—digression," or "building the lofty rhyme," or where his "sere fancy falls 'into the yellow leaf' and turns what was once romantic to burlesque," describing "the ranks and squadrons and right forms of war" where "the eagle towered in pride of place" and then "tore with bloody talon the rent plain" of Waterloo, or writing of "sheets for rich men and their brides," "white as what bards call 'driven snow,'" picturing the rage of Gulbeyaz, "who did not want to reach the moon like moderate Hotspur on the immortal page," or the shudders of *Don Juan* at the supposed ghost of the Black Friar, because "a single hobgoblin's non-entity could cause more fear than a whole host's identity," "gilding refined gold or painting the lily" fair skin of Haidee with henna, al-

luding to himself as a "wanderer from the British world of fashion where I like other 'dogs have had my day,'" mentioning "the Duke of Dash who was a duke, 'Ay, every inch a duke,'" or straining rhetoric where Juan "drops his salt tears into the salt sea—'sweets to the sweet'" (he "liked so much to quote"), or raising to the sublime as he "bends him o'er"

"that chill changeless brow,  
Where 'cold obstruction's' apathy  
Appalls the gazing mourners heart"—

everywhere and under all circumstances he had Shakespeare ever with him, and was always willing to utilize his works. It was his "heart of heart" that cried out in "The Blues"—

"Come, a truce with all tartness—the joy of my heart  
Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is art.  
Wild Nature! Grand Shakespeare!"

HERBERT M. HAGERMAN.

### SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PRINTER.

In view of the certainty that Shakespeare was only sought for by publishers, when, by hard work, he had become successful, it might have been expected that some exceptional appeal may have been made to procure the reading of his first manuscript. And such indeed appears to have been the fact.

In 1592 there died, in Stratford-upon-Avon, one Henry Field, a tanner, leaving a will and inventory of personal property, but whose estate, for some reason, required the services of an appraiser to settle. The Court of Probate (or Consistory Court, as it was then called) appointed John Shakespeare such appraiser, and he qualified, discharged his duties and duly filed his report in August, 1592. Now, this Henry Field had a son, named Richard, who, like young Shakespeare, had found his way to London in search of employment, in or about 1579. Just about this time it happened that a journeyman printer named Thomas Vautroillier came from France and settled in his trade in London. He did better and neater work than the London printers, or the Dutch printers who had domiciled there, and so found plenty of employment, as the development of the love of literature correspondingly developed a taste for better and cleaner typography. In 1564 Vautroillier was admitted to the exclusive and aristocratic Stationers' Company, and selected Blackfriars as his place of business, his patent reading *Typographus Londoniensis in clauistro vulgo Blackfriars commorans*, while, as was the custom, certain books were made over by the Company to him as his exclusive privilege to print. As it hap-

pened, this young Richard Field found employment in Vautroillier's establishment, but did not remain there long, finding more favorable employment with another printer named George Bishop, to whom, at Michaelmas, 1579, he (Field) was apprenticed for seven years. No sooner, however, was he out of his time than, in 1588, he returned to Vautroillier's office. On Vautroillier's death, in that year, Field married his daughter and succeeded to his business of stationer and printer. Here, then, we have a fellow-townsmen and neighbor of William Shakespeare's, a printer, stationer and publisher, at his very elbow in London.

It seems to me that—the above being matters of easy verification—we may proceed to judge the drift of circumstances, then, as pretty much as it would follow in course to-day. Given a young man with literary aspirations, a poet—what is the dearest object which would present itself to his heart? Clearly, the object of finding a publisher and getting into print. And we may, I think, be pretty confident that the lad had not been very long in London without haunting the publishers with his manuscripts under his arm. Probably young William Shakespeare sought the older and better-known publishers first; those who had more capital and a larger establishment than his townsman Richard Field, and no doubt young Shakespeare went to one and all of them. Possibly he might for a long time have studiously avoided Field, knowing that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country or to his own countrymen. But an unknown poet has small chance, and manuscripts are not inviting objects to look at, nor are publishers over-willing to wade into thick piles of close chirography. So let us imagine that young Shakespeare finally, in despair, was forced by sheer necessity to have recourse to his fellow-Stratfordian; prevailed upon him to put his verses into print, so that he could at last secure readers, and thereafter rise or fall on his merits as a poet and not on his success as a securer of publishers. Let us see how probable or improbable such a theory would now become, in the face of the records.

By consulting the Quartos and the Stationers' Registers we find that: whereas no other printer ever touched a Shakespearian manuscript until 1597, Richard Field did in 1593 print a first edition of the *Venus and Adonis*, and again, only the year after, a second edition thereof, and a new poem, the *Lucrece* (pretty fair proof that he did not lose by the *Venus and Adonis*, however dubiously he might have touched it). The standard theory as to how Shakespeare first "got into print" is that he won the innermost friendship of Lord Southampton, and that the two—peer and peasant—went thereafter arm in arm, a story which has no warrant in any record, and which, as I have elsewhere shown,\* is of the highest improbability, resting, indeed, upon

\* Introduction to Vol. VII. of the *Bankside Shakespeare*, pp. 58, 59.



the simple fact of the two dedications, which, while not uncommon evidences of young Lord Southampton's desire to pose as a patron of literature by the gracious acceptance of the rôle of nominal patron to poets willing to print at their own—at any rate at somebody else's than Southampton's—expense, certainly prove nothing, by any known rule, but themselves. Shakespeare went with good company, as is



## TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Henrie VVriothesley, Earle of Southampton,  
and Baron of Titchfield.



*Ight Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde vwill censure mee for choosung so strong a proppe to support so vweake a burthen, onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you vwith some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after care so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content, which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the wworlds hopefull expectation.*

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.

### SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST LETTER DEDICATORY.

proved by his intimacy with John D'Avenant, who was at one time Mayor of Oxford, and at whose inn, "The Crown," Shakespeare was always a welcome guest. But the "thousand pounds" gift must, I fear, travel to oblivion along with the Southampton friendship story: "a thousand pounds" was in those days an enormous sum, fully equal to twenty-five thousand dollars to-day, and Southampton was not a rich man. It seems to me that, had the story of the gift been authentic, it would have been rather fuller in detail, and something of the sources where Southampton got the money, or of the uses to which Shakespeare put it, have been supplied. Shakespeare only paid Will-



iam Underhill sixty pounds for New Place—the most princely residence then in Stratford-upon-Avon, with its outhouses, messuages, orchards, and great barns filled with corn, covering three-quarters of an acre of ground—which was twenty pounds more than Underhill himself had paid for it a few years before; and we have a rather plentiful record of his other purchases of real estate. But altogether they do not account for “a thousand pounds.” If Southampton, and not Shakespeare, had procured the printing of these two earliest poems of Shakespeare's, it is a little queer that Southampton should have sent Shakespeare, out of all of the scores of publishers in London, to Shakespeare's own fellow-townsmen, and for those two poems only. Any publisher would have been eager to have executed an order for Lord Southampton. And it is queer, again, that—if Southampton had selected Field—Field, who made Shakespeare's reputation by first bringing him out, should never have been allowed to print any of Shakespeare's works when they became lucrative and every bookseller in London was struggling for them. By consulting the list we find that the *Venus and Adonis* was so profitable that in 1636 it actually had reached a thirteenth edition, printed by Francis Coules. As early as 1596 the poem had passed to John Harrison, who turned it over for its fourth edition to William Leake (though, of course, this might be accounted for by supposing that Field had sold the poem at a profit, or that he had died meanwhile, for we know nothing of Field's career except the items above stated). But the great difficulty is that, if Southampton's own publisher, or selection of a publisher, had first taken up Shakespeare, that publisher, protected by the name of a powerful lord, would have remained in possession of the monopoly, and the reign of Elizabeth was a reign of monopolies such as has never been seen before or since. Indeed, I doubt if another instance than that of the Shakespeare plays can be mentioned, in which literary matter of the date was not assigned, by the Stationers' Company, to some single member of their body to be a perpetual right and property in himself and his successors. I do not think much ought to be predicated from the gratitude for favors received expressed by Shakespeare in his second dedication (that of the *Lucrece*) to Southampton: commoners, especially when they were poor poets, were apt to speak extravagantly of favors, however small, conferred upon them by peers, and the young and unknown Shakespeare possibly considered that the permission to dedicate poems to a noble lord was in itself a kindness to be grateful for. It was still a long way, in the punctilious Tudor days, from peasant to peer.

At any rate—to an age which cares nothing about Southampton and a great deal about Shakespeare—it ought to be, it seems to me, a pleasant reflection that William Shakespeare owed his first appearance in the custody of “the art preservative,” not to the nods of a gilded

youth who was amusing himself, but to a fellow-townsmen, perhaps a playmate; and that the tranquil little town on the silvery Avon may



# VENVS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.*



LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at  
the signe of the white Greyhound in  
Paules Church-yard.

1593.

SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST TITLE PAGE.

*Imprinted by his Townsman, Richard Field.*

claim to be not only the birthplace of the poet, but of the man who launched him on his high road to immortality. (*From Mr. Morgan's Introduction to Vol. XIV. of THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.*)

# BOOKS RECEIVED.

(52) THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Vol. III. Royal 8vo, cloth, pp. 305. New York: Macmillan & Co.

(64) BALAAM AND HIS MASTER, AND OTHER STORIES. By Joel Chandler Harris. 12mo, cloth, pp. 104. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

(65) KING RICHARD THE SECOND. By William Shakespeare. The first quarto, 1597. A fac-simile in photo-lithography by William Griggs. From the copy in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. With an Introduction by Peter Augustin Daniel. 8vo, pp. xxiii—73. London: W. Griggs.

(66) THE TRUE TRAGEDY. The first quarto, 1595. From the unique copy in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. (In accordance with previous usage the 1595 copy is here called the first quarto, but it is in fact an octavo.) A fac-simile by photo-lithography by Charles Prætorius. With Introduction by Thomas Tyler, M.A. 8vo, pp. xviii—79. London: Charles Prætorius.

(67) ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. By William Shakespeare. With an Introduction by W. J. Rolfe and seventeen etchings by Paul Avril. 8vo, pp. 220. Edition de grand luxe. Holland paper. Ornaments. New York: Duprat & Co.

(68) SPECIMENS OF THE PRE-SHAKESPEREAN DRAMA. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by John Matthews Manly, Ph.D. (Harv.), Assistant Professor in Brown University. 2 v. Boston: Ginn & Co.

(69) THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE. Vol. XIV., Pericles, edited, with an Introduction, by Appleton Morgan, LL.D.; Vol. XV., Richard the Third, edited, with an Introduction, by Elias A. Calkins, Esq. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York. Brentano's, sole agents. *De luxe*.

(70) SHAKESPEARE—THE MEMORIAL THEATRE EDITION. Edited by Charles E. Flower. I., Henry IV.; II., Henry IV., Richard II., Richard III., King John, Pericles; I., II. and III., King Henry IV. 12mo. London: Samuel Trench.

(71) MAID MARIAN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Molly Elliot Seawell. 12mo, cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

(72) A Calendar of the Shakespearian Rarities, Drawings and Engravings formerly Preserved at Hollingsbury Copse, near Brighton. Second edition, enlarged, edited by Ernest E. Baker, F.S.A. 8vo, cloth, pp. 170. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

## BOOKS REVIEWED.

(40) (67) Messrs. Duprat & Co., publishers, of Fifth Avenue, send us these two beautiful samples of their distinguished press-work. The first is a scholarly annotation *apropos* of Mlle. Bernhardt's Cleopatra—of the story whose infinite fascination age cannot wither nor custom stale. And they have followed it with a reprint of Shakespeare's play itself from the text of the first folio, with seventeen illustrations designed and etched by Paul Avril, printed with the types and on the presses of D. Jouaust, and limited to 150 copies, viz.: Nos. 1 to 25, 25 copies on Japan paper, containing three states of the full-page illustrations, head and tail pieces before letters in the text, and one extra set with letters, all of these having been, we are told, already disposed of; Nos. 26 to 50, 25 copies on Japan paper, containing two states of the full-page illustrations, head and tail pieces before letters in the text, price \$40; Nos. 51 to 150, 100 copies on Holland paper, containing two states of the full-page illustrations, head and tail pieces before letters in the text, price \$30. Not the least artistic feature of the enterprise is Dr. Rolfe's introduction, in which the good Doctor emphasizes his recent connection with a certain feminine editorial department by an essay in erotic prose, upon which, being his first, we sincerely congratulate him. Dr. Rolfe further displays the influence by exploiting an intensely esoteric connection between Queen Cleopatra and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, who, he says, Mr. Tyler HAS identified with Mistress Anne Fytton, an identity hitherto merely suspected by the inner sisterhood. Messrs. Duprat & Co. deserve success for their elegant venture, and doubtless will achieve it.

(52) The high rank among critical editions always accorded to The Cambridge Shakespeare—and which it has never lost among the dozens of others which have followed it in the more than quarter century since its first appearance—will attract scholars to the present reprint under the care of the survivor of its original projectors, Messrs. Clark and Wright. The general reader of Shakespeare may indeed wonder, as compared with other editions, at the brief prefaces, notes and foot-notes of the Cambridge. Indeed, the edition may be compared to the results of a requisition for a search in a public office. The returns are often of very diminutive bulk when compared with the time required in the hunt. And so scholars who know that these entries—to preserve the analogy—in the Cambridge edition are the returns of the most constant, subtle and faithful collation of all known impressions of the Shakespeare plays, value this edition accordingly. The American publishers, Macmillan & Co., have given the volumes (of which there will be nine) a splendid dress—heavy calendered paper, royal octavo, in large type and vellum cloth bindings. Further and detailed notices will be given in these pages as the volumes appear.

(65) (66) The completion of the Griggs-Prætorius photo-fac-similes at last places a priceless series before the Shakespeare student. Messrs. Griggs and Prætorius have done a magnificent work. As for the editors, working as they did under the directorship of the curious

Mr. F. J. Furnival, and handicapped by his irksome and irritating idiosyncrasies, "verse-test" craziness, knowledge of the fact that "Vorwort" was German for Preface (and consequent insistence that not "Prefaces" but *Forewords* should be used) and general rattle-brainedness, too much praise cannot be allotted. Such volumes as these—"The Bankside Shakespeare," "The Bartlett Concordance," and the Halliwell-Phillipps "Outlines"—supersede at once thousands of once current works and reduce the Shakespeare students' working library to a shelffull of moderately expensive and readily procurable volumes.

(68) Messrs. Ginn & Co. promise us this series, and if well done they promise us a most desirable thing—and nobody will welcome these volumes more cheerfully than the scholars of the New York Shakespeare Society, who have had in preparation for some years what is practically the same thing. Nor need there be any competition. There are hundreds of these Miracle Plays and early dramas (not even an accurate list of them has yet been made), and the Shakespeare Society editors will be proud to work side by side with Dr. Manly. Dr. Manly's first volume will contain Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes; the second, Roister-Doister, Gorboduc, and plays of Lyly, Greene, and Peele. In no instance will an extract be given; each play will be printed as a whole. There will be a general introduction, tracing the growth of the drama from the Miracle Plays to Shakespeare; and each play will be provided with a special introduction. The notes will be devoted chiefly to the elucidation of the text, and an index to the notes will facilitate reference to subjects treated in them. It is believed that the materials for the study of the growth of the drama given in the two volumes contemplated will meet the requirements of all students except those whose business it is to know the whole of the literature of the subject, and these will be content to wait with erudite patience for the series promised by the New York Shakespeare Society, which, it is expected, will be under the editorial care of Dr. Thomas Randolph Price, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Columbia College.

(71) In President Morgan's interesting narrative of his experiences with the critics of his *Shakespearian Myth* (SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. IV., p. 488) he says: ". . . of ninety-three elaborate reviews thereof, . . . one appearing in the *Washington Post* of April 24 (written, as I afterwards learned, by a lady of that city who had never given any special study to Shakespeare at all), was incomparably the most original, philosophical and forcible." Some time after this Mr. Morgan wrote to us: "Get a story called 'Maid Marian,' by Miss Molly Elliot Seawell. If Donnelly had had her power of writing Elizabethan colloquial English and her knowledge of the Elizabethan life and *ménage*, he could have done his 'cipher narrative' much more colorably. Miss Seawell has it all perfectly. Where could she have gotten so perfectly *en rapport* with it all? Perhaps she was once, in a prior state of existence, an Elizabethan—one of the Queen's maids of honor. If so, she must have known Shakespeare, for she gave me some of the bitterest slaps I ever received for that *Myth*. (She was the lady who did that *Washington Post* review.) Do you know I rather believe in metempsychosis. If the soul is demortal, the rule must work backwards as well as forwards." We are

glad that the Messrs. Appleton have put the story, which Mr. Morgan admired so much, into permanently accessible form. Miss Seawell has worked hard, and we are glad to greet her, as Emerson said to Walt Whitman, "at the threshold of a great career." She is a Southern lady of the highest promise and Amélie Rives should look to her laurels.

(72) Mr. Ernest E. Baker, F.S.A., has edited, and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have published a second edition of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' carefully compiled catalogue of the now well-known "Rarities." Mr. Baker has added to every entry notes describing the condition of each of the entries, showing that the volumes are in all cases magnificently bound in levant or morocco, with appropriate tooling (in all cases executed under Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' own eye) of the period to which the volume relates. Besides this, which enhances the value of the book to the collector, Mr. Baker has enlarged the archaeological and bibliographical annotations, and has added Mr. Timmins' Report to the Birmingham Library upon the general value of the collection, which is for sale, the agents being the trustees in Europe, and in this country Messrs. Wyatt & Morgan, solicitors, No. 21 Park Row, New York City.

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#### MISCELLANY.

IN reviewing Mr. Wm. H. Fleming's introductions to the *I. and II. Henry IV.* in THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE, Dr. Rolfe in *The Critic* takes Mr. Fleming to task for not agreeing that the four or five sheets of a quarto of the *I. Henry IV.* found by Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps at Bristol (in which the sentence usually printed "*how the rogue roared*" reads "*how the FAT rogue roared*") prove absolutely and beyond cavil that there were two complete editions of the first quarto in 1598. Mr. Fleming replied spiritedly to Dr. Rolfe, demonstrating that, admitting all that Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps claims as to the value of the find (that the word FAT was written by Shakespeare in the sentence and lost by a printer's carelessness), it does not prove what Dr. Rolfe says it does, viz., that there were TWO editions in 1598.

But Dr. Rolfe unfortunately finds himself not at liberty, on account of its length, to print Mr. Fleming's letter (his own statement occupied a column of *The Critic*, which, of course, is all the proprietors of *The Critic* allow Dr. Rolfe to devote to one subject, even in the cause of accuracy), and accordingly we give Mr. Fleming's letter, which in our opinion settles the question and Dr. Rolfe at one and the same time:

"As to Halliwell-Phillipps' inference that his four leaves must be part of an earlier edition because they contain a word which is not found in other copies, I reply: that the only quarto we have of *II. Henry IV.* (1600) exists in two forms. One of these, owing to a blunder of the compositor, entirely omitted lines 1257-1371 (Bankside), which appeared in the later copies. Here is a case in which more than a hundred lines and several hundred words are omitted in some copies which are found in others, and yet, so far as I know (with the exception of Halliwell-Phillipps), no one from this fact infers there were two quartos of *II. Henry IV.* issued in 1600. It was simply a compositor's blunder. Doubtless the same is true of the word '*fat*'



in the 1598 quarto of *I. Henry IV.* Dr. Rolfe's opinion (*Critic*, April 4, 1891), therefore, that 'the printer's "forms" would not be changed in making such corrections as might be necessary while "working off" the edition,' is controverted by the fact that in the only quarto of *II. Henry IV.* the 'forms' were 'changed while working off the edition.' This letter Dr. Rolfe did me the kindness to notice in *The Critic* of July 11, quoting as far as he saw fit therefrom. Waiving all that I then said (which he quotes) as to the orthography, *historie* or *hystorie* (which I do not throw as much weight upon as Dr. Rolfe, I think, rather makes it appear that I do), Dr. Rolfe proceeded to quote me as follows: ' . . . Mr. Fleming also says that the occurrence of the word *fat* (in "How the fat rogue roared!") in Halliwell-Phillipps' fragment of the quarto does not prove it to be an independent edition. Of course it does not, for the reason just given; and Halliwell-Phillipps does not say that it does. He has given reasons for believing that the fragment is part of an independent edition, and proceeds to settle the question whether it belongs to the first or the second edition of 1598. That it "belongs to the first edition," he says, "may be safely inferred from its containing a word found in no other impression, omission being the commonest error in early reprints."'

"Is not this what we may call 'whipping the devil around the stump'? or as if one should state it thus: 'I do not say that there was a first edition as well as a second edition (*i.e.*, two editions) in 1598. It only begs the whole question as to whether there were or not by stating that certain pages belonged to the first edition and not to the second!' But Dr. Rolfe forges ahead:

"The fact which really proves the fragment to be part of an independent edition is entirely ignored by Mr. Fleming—namely, that the "forms" (using the word in the technical sense) differ from those of the other 1598 quarto. Halliwell-Phillipps, familiar as he was with the details of the printer's art, saw that his fragment of four pages was a piece of type-setting and "making-up" into pages which differed from the corresponding portion of the other quarto. He could not possibly mistake corrected pages of one and the same edition for such independent work. If the fragment were reproduced by photography it would be easy to compare it, page by page and line by line, with the fac-simile of the complete 1598 quarto, and to point out the variations in mechanical execution.' To this I replied (and regret that lack of space prevented Dr. Rolfe from publishing my reply):

"I. Halliwell-Phillipps does not state that he meant 'the same page of the two editions varies.' As his own book ('*Outlines*,' etc.) went through seven editions during his lifetime, he had ample time for revision and correction. If he had meant that the variations occurred on the same page (a most important fact, if true) it is likely he would have so stated.

"II. Even if Halliwell-Phillipps did mean 'the same page,' that does not prove that his fragment is of another edition. I quote Dr. Rolfe against Dr. Rolfe. In a late number of *The Critic*, in a note on 'Variations in Copies of the Early Quartos and Folios,' Dr. R. says:

"The Shakespeare quartos and folios were often corrected while passing through the press. In the "Griggs" series noticed above there are two reproductions of the 1597 quarto of *Richard II.*, one photographed from a copy belonging to Mr. Henry Huth, the other from the Duke of Devonshire's copy. These two copies of the same edi-



tion were found to vary so much from each other that it was decided to reprint both. A careful comparison of the originals with each other and with a third copy formerly belonging to Capell, the Shakespeare editor, proved that corrections were made while each sheet was being printed; and that the corrected and uncorrected sheets were mixed up in binding. Five sheets or "signatures" appear to be the same in the three copies mentioned. Of the other sheets the first and fourth are corrected in the Huth copy, the second in the Devonshire copy, the third in both the Devonshire and the Huth, and the fifth (the ninth in the book) in the Devonshire and the Capell. It happens, however, that by far the larger number of corrections are in the Devonshire copy, most of them occurring in the second sheet. The following, for example, are all found on a single page (I., 2, 42-70):

Where then alas may I complaine myself?  
 ("alas" omitted in the other copies);  
 That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast  
 ("butchers" in the others);  
 Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight;  
 ("emptines, hollownes" in the others);  
 And what heare there for welcome but my grones?  
 ("what cheer" in the others).

In I., 3, 136, (same sheet) the Devonshire copy has "And grating shocke of wrathfull yron armes," while the other two copies have "harsh resounding armes," due to an accidental repetition of the adjectives in the preceding line: "With harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray." The care with which these corrections were made is shown by the fact that the printing of this sheet was stopped to change the spelling of a word by the insertion of a single letter; "portculist" being altered to "portcullist" in I., 3, 167: "Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes."

"Here are three copies of 'the same edition,' of 'the 1597 quarto of Richard II.,' each varying from the other as above specified, and yet all belonging to one and the same edition according to Dr. Rolfe.

"A more marked example still is the third quarto of this same play, published in 1608. Mr. W. A. Harrison, editor of the 'Prætorius Facsimile,' says: \* 'The great importance of Quarto 3 of this play, the fac-simile of which, from the copy in the British Museum . . . is here given, is that in it we find for the first time, in the Parliament scene, Act IV., Scene I., the passage (ll. 154-318) in which Richard is made to resign the crown. There is no mention of this addition to the text on the title-page of the copy of the quarto from which our fac-simile is made, but other copies of the same edition are found with the following and evidently later title:—seq.'

"In that later title the following additional words are found:

"'With new additions of the Parlia | ment Sceane, and the depos-  
 ing | of King Richard.'

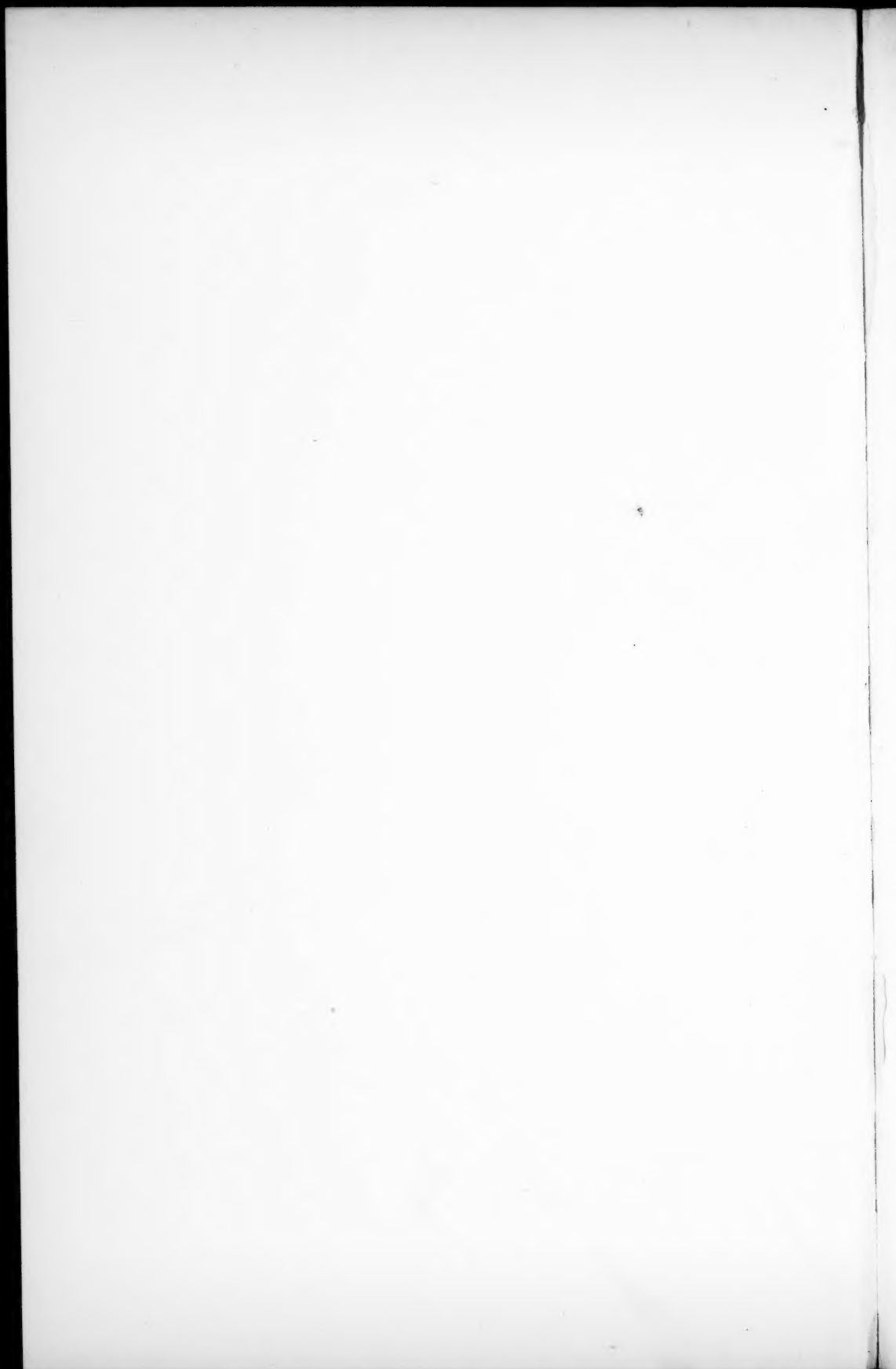
"I may add other words in the title were also changed. Here 'the same page,' and that a title-page, differs in 'make-up,' in 'form' (using the word technically), and yet such authorities as Mr. Harrison, the Cambridge editors, and Dr. Rolfe (*vide* his own edition of this play, Int., p. 10) agree that there was one and only one quarto (the third) of *Richard II.* issued in 1608.

\* Introduction, p. iii.



MISS MARY W. BOND.

*Late President of The Florence Shakespeare Society.*



"III. The very mistake which Dr. Rolfe asserts Halliwell-Phillips could not possibly make he does make, for he claims there were two editions of *II. Henry IV.* published in 1600!

"I quote from his chapter on 'Life-Time Editions,' Vol. I., p. 407:

"1600.—XXVII. The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London—Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.—XXVIII. The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of sir Iohn Falstaffe, &c., 1600. *This second edition contains two additional leaves, but its title-page is identical with that last given.*

"The italics in this quotation are Halliwell-Phillips' own. 'A careless critic,' Dr. Rolfe writes, 'might regard these variations in parts of the book [he is writing of the 1600 quarto of *II. Henry IV.*] common to the two forms as evidence that the two were independent editions; but an examination of other portions of the volumes would show that they were printed from the same "forms" (using the word technically).' 'The careless critic' in this case is not myself. Dr. Rolfe assents to my statement that the different copies of the 1600 quarto of *II. Henry IV.* are 'merely two forms of one edition.' Notwithstanding Halliwell-Phillips 'could not possibly mistake corrected pages of one and the same edition for such independent work' he has done so. And, in my judgment, he has made a like mistake when he asserts that there were two quarto editions of *I. Henry IV.* published in 1598. There may have been two, there may have been many, quarto editions of that play published in that year, *but at present there is no proof whatever that such is the fact!!!*"

Editorially, we should rather prefer to wait and decide the question with a photograph of the four pages before us. How is anybody to know how many editions there were of anything? Accidents may have required the forms to be unlocked a dozen times. The word "*fat*" may have dropped out and spaces put in after the punctuation to push the gap together. What is the use of speculating as to what happened in that particular printing shop in 1598? In our judgment, however, Mr. Fleming is perfectly right in saying that "there is no PROOF whatever" so far as to there having been two editions in 1598 of the first part of the *Henry IV.*

"If Dr. Rolfe takes the same care of the bric-à-brac in his study at Cambridge that he finds commendable in Mr. Arbuthnot's guardianship of the only contemporary effigy of the dramatist whose plays Dr. Rolfe so conscientiously edits, Dr. Rolfe's heirs, successors and assigns may some day miss the integrity of some of that bric-à-brac."

With exception of the above sentence, Dr. Rolfe quotes SHAKESPEARIANA's comments anent his position upon the Stratford-on-Avon "restoration" question and remarks thereon with considerable asperity in *The Critic* of July 11.

The good Doctor says that he does not understand what SHAKESPEARIANA means by charging that he "guarantees" the Vicar; and then proceeds—to the extent of a column and a quarter—to illustrate exactly what we did mean by that expression, viz.: taking up the cudgels in behalf of a clerical functionary whom everybody else—his nearest and closest observers, particularly—considers a peevish and rather ridiculous sort of person, a second Gastrell not only, but one who, by grace of a superannuated bishop and an ancient statute, finds himself in a position where he can do a great deal of mischief, and wound the feelings of a great many earnest people, without interruption.

Dr. Rolfe's remarks are valuable, however, in that they at last disclose exactly with what equipment of information Dr. Rolfe persists in "whitewashing" Vicar Arbuthnot. He says: "I have simply given my modest opinion that the interior of the church is, on the whole, better and not worse for the repairs that have been made. . . . Of the alleged vandalism in the churchyard I know nothing and express no opinion." That is all there is of it! Any village yokel who found his sitting more comfortable after the repairs than before them, could have said as much! And yet, on the strength of his "modest opinion" that "the interior of the church is on the whole better and not worse," and of his complete ignorance of what has been done "in the churchyard," Dr. Rolfe has for years guaranteed (or, if he prefers, has "warranted and defended") this Vicar, and decried and sneered at those whose earnest veneration for Shakespeare—and for the few relics and vestiges of his personality at the spot where he was christened and where he lies buried—have led them to protest against those relics and vestiges being left to the tender mercy of a bumptious and pompous person who is annoyed that tourists come to Stratford to venerate Shakespeare rather than to hear him preach his original sermons!

All the great London dailies, the leading provincial newspapers, including those of Birmingham, Leeds, Coventry, Liverpool and dozens of others, the Stratford-on-Avon *Times*, the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and of other cities too numerous to mention—the literary journals of two continents, including those of Germany and France almost without exception—eye-witnesses of such eminence as J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, William Winter, Henry Labouchère and C. E. Flower (some time, we believe, Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon): plenty of "mere tourists"—such as the gentleman who wrote us that Vicar Arbuthnot sent word by him to America that he, the Vicar, heard much more of their love for Shakespeare's memory than of their subscriptions to the "Restoration" fund—all these testify and are still testifying that the present Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon is not only not the most tender and loving custodian of Shakespeare's vestiges that could possibly be devised, but that his record as such is something like one which might be made by Pasteur as Director of an anti-Vivisection Club, or King Herod as President of a Society for the Prevention of Infant Mortality! But against all this, and on the strength of an "opinion" that "the interior of the church is better and not worse than before the repairs," and of his complete ignorance of what has been done "in the churchyard," Dr. Rolfe, although he has "no personal acquaintance" with him, has constantly declared that

this Vicar is all right, that everything is lovely, and cautioned anybody and everybody against any solicitude for the state of affairs at Shakespeare's church! And, moreover, we believe we are stating the exact fact **when** we say that he is the only one who has ever lifted up a voice in behalf of Vicar Arbuthnot and his notorious proceedings.

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DR. ROLFE travels needlessly further in Vicar Arbuthnot's behalf and sneers at the Preamble and Resolutions of *The Avon Club of the City of New York*, which he says is "a woman's club, we believe." Doubtless this Preamble and these Resolutions will avail nothing with the Bishop of Worcester. But, all the same, we would rather have been the author of them than the person who declined to order the bust and mural monument of Shakespeare protected when workmen were pounding down the walls about them, or who directed the Hart tablet thrown out of the churchyard. As Dr. Rolfe is a member and officer of several clubs (Browning and otherwise) composed of women, is a lecturer on Shakespeare at Wellesley—a woman's college—and, above all, has lately achieved the proud and elevated position of assistant editor of a young ladies' magazine: doubtless the term, when used by Dr. Rolfe, is construable as a compliment to THE AVON CLUB. But, as a matter of fact, THE AVON CLUB, like the New Shakespeare Society of London, and like every other Shakespearian Society we remember at the moment (except THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, which is composed of men only), including the Shakespearian clubs of which Dr. Rolfe himself is an officer, is open to the membership of men and women alike.

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THE results, so far, of the Arbuthnot "Restorations" are thus stated by Mr. William Winter (*New York Tribune*, Aug. 22, 1891):

"The renovation of the Shakespeare Church has not yet been entirely completed; but only a few old things in it now remain to be destroyed, and no doubt the final strokes will be delivered within a short time. . . . The workmen employed were good workmen, and they have made a good job. A few more touches and the inside of the ancient building will be as neat and prim as a box of candles. . . . The aspect of the chancel is no longer ancient, but quite new. The altar has been moved from its place against the eastern wall, beneath the great window, and has been elevated upon a double pedestal. The floor of the chancel, round about it, has been paved with encaustic tiles, of hideous brown and yellow. Almost all the mural tablets upon the north and south walls have been taken down and carried away, and they may now be found dispersed in the transepts; while their place is to be filled with a broad expanse of new wooden panels, extending from the backs of the miserere stalls upward to the sills of the windows. . . . The stone screens that filled up the window back of Shakespeare's monument and the window back of the monument of Judith Combe and her lover have been removed. The resultant effect—which would be excellent in a modern hotel but which is detestable here—is the effect of enterprise, action and novelty. The pervading air now is that of the new broom and 'all the modern improvements.'"

Here certainly is a Bill of Particulars. Will Dr. Rolfe meet it:

tell his readers if he considers these "restorations" appropriate and in accord with the genius of the place, or will he avoid the matter by his former plea that he knows nothing and will express no opinion? Everybody has a right, Dr. Rolfe, to "know nothing and express no opinion," but nobody has a right, from his mere absence of knowledge and disinclination to form an opinion, to assume to sneer at those who do know, and who have formed an opinion. It is just barely possible, therefore, that THE AVON CLUB may have grounds for its protest. Mr. Winter is possibly no more competent an eye-witness than Dr. Rolfe. But Mr. Winter tells us what he has seen; and Dr. Rolfe assures that he has not seen and don't want to see. Upon the whole, therefore, Mr. Winter is the safer informant as far as any positive information of the Vicar's proceedings at Trinity Church in Stratford goes. And information of the Vicar's proceedings at Trinity Church, Stratford, happens just now, to be what we are after. Eye-witnesses who have looked the other way should not expect even their "modest opinions" to carry as much weight as those of other eye-witnesses who have opened their eyes and looked straight into matters, and reported what they saw. Dr. Rolfe reads himself out of jurisdiction one moment and decides the case without appeal the next! Or, rather, to be more analogous: he swears he knows nothing about the *res gestæ* in one word and in the next declares that everybody else is misinformed about them! \*

MR. SIDWELL N. BREEZE writes us a letter on Shakespearian Criticism, which we defer printing, but the concluding paragraphs of which we quote with hearty indorsement, as follows:

"I am perfectly free to confess that with what lights I have, and from what ability I have of judgment, our American book criticism seems to me quite as able, competent and satisfactory as the British. Nay, in some cases, even more so. For the English reviewers have never, so far as I can find, been able to forget, in criticising an American book, that it is American. Any eminently good American book will never receive extended notice, for example, from *The Athenæum*, *The Saturday*, or *The Spectator*, especially if it intrude upon or cover ground which a British book covers or treats of. But, *per contra*, any American book which is defective or poor, or which exposes an American weakness, will receive perhaps columns from those Reviews, 'with the accent on' the defectiveness, or poverty, or weakness aforesaid. (So an English artist, if sent to America, will receive instructions to omit portraying anything creditable or fairly decent. Witness the pictures in the London illustrated papers of the Philadelphia 'Centennial.') But there is one element in British literary criticism which certainly must meet with high approval, and that is its Dignity. Whatever be its faults, I doubt if the writers in British critical journals will ever be found reflexively 'touting' for each other. Of course it is as impossible for a critic as it is for a judge on the bench to recog-

\* Further references to this "Restoration" business are: SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. V., p. 145 (Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' statement); Vol. VI., p. 492 (Mr. S. Timmins' statement); Id., p. 502, editorial; Mr. William Winter's statement; Letter from the Vicar; Vol. VII., p. 40, "Vandalism at Stratford-upon-Avon," William Winter, the London *Times*, "Truth," D. S. Lawrence; Id., p. 225, leading article—Stratford Church, Vicars and Vandalism, with letters from William Winter, Wm. J. Rolfe and Charles E. Flower; VIII., p. 183.



nize a stranger in preference to a man whom he knows he can trust. In recognizing the latter in preference to the former he is really giving the public, which employs him, the benefit of his experience. He knows the public interests are safe if he recognizes the tried advocate who has never deceived him, and he takes no chances. That is the benefit to the public of recognized probity and of experienced judges. But in the columns of what British journal of literary criticism can be found communications from British authors, praising each others' qualities, lauding each others' works, noting the best one, or the best two, or the best three in their opinion, of their own contemporaries' productions? or voting 'Forty Immortals' among each other? Authors, I suppose, write for their public just as tailors make clothes for their patrons. If any immortality is to come to either, Posterity, it seems to me, not one's fellows of the craft, are to award it. What may be called Reciprocal Contemporary Immortality is of very little value to anybody, I take it. It certainly deceives nobody, sells nobody's books, and probably will not be largely influential with posterity in determining who shall be really immortal (to define Immortality as popularity or praiseworthiness surviving the individual—that is.) It may be delightful to A, B and C to choose three of A's books as the most notable of their decade, or for A to mention three of C's, or for B to declare that nothing more magnificent than A's and C's have for ten years left the press. But is it dignified in either A, B or C? Or does it really sell A's, B's or C's book? If there is even a commercial excuse for the practice, that ought to serve, undignified though it were. But to praise for the sake of being praised in return has not, in my opinion, even the excuse of bread-and-butter necessity to mitigate its intense lack of dignity and transparent smallness of vanity and love of the *claque*.

"I see a good deal said just now about the dignity of American letters. Pardon me for pointing out wherein a negative step can be taken at almost any time to promote it. Let our authors elect immortals from their fathers and predecessors, if they will, and select the 'three best-book' work of their forerunners, and labor to build the best they know, in the hope that their successors may find that they have builded even better than they knew, and must not be let die; and that three, or two, or even one of these books must not be lost from the New World's treasuries of literature. We do not hug Shakespeare to our heart of hearts because Drayton and Ben Jonson thought some of his plays 'immense,' interesting as such a fact might have been. You will say that these things settle themselves. Certainly they do! But if there is to be such a thing as 'the Dignity of American letters,' it will hardly, I am afraid, be arrived at by the efforts of what I may call again a 'Reciprocal Contemporary Immortality,' conferred mutually upon each other by American authors themselves."

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"NEW PLACE AND GASTRELL" and "The Guild Chapel" at Stratford-on-Avon.

I have read with much pleasure and interest the papers of Mr. L. L. Lawrence on the places above named, in SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. VII., pp. 151-160, and Vol. VIII., pp. 27-37. Mr. Lawrence has studied his subjects with very great care and has written a very clear description of the localities in question. He refers (Vol. VII., p. 160) to "New

Place" as shown by a frontispiece and asks, "How did New Place look in Shakespeare's days? Our frontispiece is probably the nearest answer to this question which can ever be made," and further, "it was given by Malone as a possible drawing of the Shakespeare building, which occupied the frontage of New Place, on Chapel Lane, or at any rate as corresponding to the general description of its appearance which we have quoted above from Richard Grimmett."

As a visitor very often to Stratford for more than forty years, and as a student of all that has been written and all that can be seen at New Place, Mr. Lawrence will, I am sure, allow me to correct his opinion. The building shown does *not* agree with Grimmett's description—the only scrap of record as to Shakespeare's "New Place." There is *no* "Green Court" before entering the house, and there is *no* "Brick Wall" next to the street. Still further, the drawing is suspected to be one of Jordan's forgeries. The style of the house, as shown, is distinctly of Queen Anne's time and certainly not like the old sixteenth or fifteenth century. The house when Shakespeare bought it was in a ruinous condition.

If Mr. Lawrence will give me the pleasure of meeting him when he comes to Stratford, I will show him at a glance, from the foundation walls still visible, that the frontispiece is the "Clopton" (or Queen Anne style house) which Gastrell levelled to the ground, but which Shakespeare could never have seen.

The other error (Vol. VIII., p. 27) is small and obvious. The seal, of which a woodcut is given, bears the word "Lowth" (now "Louth") and has no connection with the "Old Guild" or the "Grammar School" of "Jolyffe" or of "King Edward VI." This is not merely my own opinion, but is confirmed by a special personal inquiry which I made a week ago, when I was assured by the best authorities in Stratford that no impression and no sketch is known of the seal of the "Guild" or of the "School."

SAM. TIMMINS.

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#### EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA:

I AM very glad indeed to be set right as to the Gastrell NEW PLACE. Being well aware of the exceedingly doubtful character of the picture, I described it rather cautiously and gingerly as being "probably the nearest answer to the question (as to how New Place looked in Shakespeare's day) which can ever be made." But I agree entirely with Mr. Timmins that my statement that it "corresponded to the general description given by Grimmett" might mislead a casual reader. I should have, perhaps, substituted the word "site" for the word "appearance."

And, on carefully rereading my paper on the Old Guild (Vol. VIII., p. 21), I really cannot find that I stated that the cut of the Seal given there was a cut of the Seal of Stratford Grammar School. It was the seal of a Grammar School founded or chartered by Edward the Sixth, and my mental conclusion (though I can see now how very easily it may be an erroneous one) was that the seal of another Grammar School founded or chartered by the same monarch might bear the same or a similar device. But I did not say even this in the

paper itself. The point I was making just then was that the flogging of pupils in Grammar Schools was the bulk of the attention they received, quite out-proportioning any other regimen (until, as has been said apropos of some late autobiographies, such as Trollope's, Sargeant Ballantyne's, etc., it is doubtful if a full-grown man could endure the beating which English boys have, up to very recent years, been subjected to in the Grammar Schools of Merrie England), and as the device of the old seal was certainly competent as to that, I used it. I am nevertheless much obliged to Mr. Timmins for calling my attention to what I freely admit might have been a misleading introduction of the cut into my paper. But—as he himself suggests—the word *Louth* (the present city of Louth) is so prominent in the legend that only a very superficial reader indeed could have been in danger of any very serious error.

L. L. LAWRENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S TABLE.—Bacon and salted mutton and fish always on hand in every house; salt fish the general diet of the poorer classes. Barrelled herrings from Yarmouth (the Yarmouth "bloater") were a luxury. The "salting-tub" was as much a part of a household outfit as a wash-tub.

Fresh meats were high-priced always. Beef and mutton were lean in winter and fat in summer, the art of stall-feeding being only invented 150 years or so later. Fresh fish was highly prized, but the streams were all owned by the rich, and so to fish, as to poach, was a crime heavily punished. All the present wild and domestic fowl are "Shakespearean."

The price of bread and beer was regulated by law. Wheat bread was the luxury, rye and barley bread the common diet. "Horsebread" was the cheaper kind, so called because it was brought to the retailers in packs on the backs of horses. "Manchet" was the wheaten loaf weighing five ounces. "Mesline" was the penny loaf. "A quartern-loaf" was the usual form. Cakes of caraway seed in rye or barley and oatmeal cakes (of oatmeal) were always on the table.

Everything almost was made into "pies" or "pasties." A "hot venison pasty" was a delicacy, but not an uncommon one. "Pippins"—"a dish of pippins" or "pippins and cheese"—was the ordinary dessert for the better class of tables. Artichokes, marrow (beef or mutton) were also made into pies. The weak point in the Shakespearean *menu* was vegetables. Of these there was little variety. Cabbages and onions were imported from Holland (and this was a considerable industry in Hull). From Flanders lettuce was imported, and was eaten as a course *au naturel*, just as at present, at supper. Rhubarb, called "Patience," came from China in small quantities and was only eaten at rich men's tables. Water-cresses were always abundant, and were supposed to restore bloom to the complexion of women. Later, carrots were brought from Flanders. Eschalots (small leeks or onions) were used to rub over the plate before putting the beef or mutton upon it. The commoner people had only turnip leaves for greens and salads. They roasted the turnip itself in wood-ashes and eat as a course or a side-dish.

The Elizabethan meals were dinner and supper. Breakfast was a later invention. Dinner at about noon; supper at about sundown. A knife and a napkin were all the outfit. In 1611 forks were introduced

from Italy, but they were kept to be looked at as curiosities, and one was presented to Queen Elizabeth on New-Year's day in that year. Capers (not nasturtiums, but the bean of a low bush that grew in dead walls and rock fissures) were boiled and eaten as a salad with oil and vinegar.

For fruits: dates, ginger and raisins were at hand, figs, olives and all Italian imports. Wines were plentiful. Woodbury, Stow, Harrison and other authorities agree that there were more than thirty Spanish wines and more than fifty French wines in use. Sherry, called "sack" or "sherris-sack," was the favorite, and was on tap at every tavern. Burnt sugar was always set out in a saucer (a pennyworth at a time) with a bowl of it so that the drinker could sweeten his sack as Falstaff did ("If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked"). It is hard to understand Shakespeare's allusions to water-drinking, for all the water was bad and used principally to make beer of. Everybody drank beer (or ale—the attempts to distinguish between these I do not think very successful). The ale or beer that was put on board foreign vessels for consumption was in bottles, and, as what was left when the vessels reached England was pretty stale, "bottle ale" was a synonym for anything musty or disagreeable. (Shakespeare so used the term. See *Henry IV., Twelfth Night*, etc.)

Shakespeare, singularly enough, nowhere mentions tobacco, and yet Spenser mentions it before his day, and in 1614 there were 7000 vendors of it in London, and people smoked pipes in the streets, theatres, shops, and even in the churches, all the time.

The cooks were French or Italian, and their art was principally to devise curious forms into which to mould their viands, especially the pasties. There does not seem to have been much variety in their cooking. Huge bowls of custard were on the rich men's tables, but not always to eat. A curious custom was, after supper, to bring in the fool or clown to entertain the guests, and for him to jump over the people's heads into this bowl and spatter the custard right and left over the guests. Rather than give up this entertainment the guests would wear coarse wrappers over their garments to catch the splatterings. Oysters, escallops, lobsters and almost every other shell-fish are "Shakespearian." Brook trout was a luxury then as now. Cod, sturgeon, turbot and all deep-sea fish also came to market. There was brandy also, called as now *aqua-vita* (see *Merry Wives*), for strong drinkers. Fish was to be eaten on Fridays. Wednesday was "half-fish" day.

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MISS MARY WHITE BOND.—Miss Mary White Bond, whose portrait is given in this issue of SHAKESPEARIANA, Treasurer of the Florence (Mass.) Savings Bank and sister of Judge D. W. Bond of the Superior Court, died at Florence, Massachusetts, on Saturday evening, September 25. She was fifty-seven years old and a descendant of William Bond, who settled in Watertown in 1630. She was of an intellectual and studious nature, and on removing to Florence about 1862 for several years was principal of the school in that village. When the Florence Savings Bank was started in 1872 her brother Henry, now dead, was elected Treasurer and Miss Bond acted as his assistant, and was ultimately chosen Treasurer, the first woman in the State to be chosen to such a place. For many years she was a member of the

Public School Committee, a place she occupied at her death. The late A. T. Lilly selected her as one of the trustees of the Lilly Library Association, and she had much to do in the development of its work. For more than twenty-five years she had been identified with the Free Congregational Society in its educational work. She was long Superintendent of the Cosmian Hall Sunday-school and an enthusiastic teacher of the Florence Shakespeare Society, of which she had always been, and was at the time of her death, the President.

A CONGRESS OF SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES.—As this issue goes to press we are able to announce that steps are about to be taken to issue a call for a general congress of Shakespeare societies next summer. Each society, club, or class in the United States, England and Canada will be therein invited to send representatives to a preliminary meeting in New York City, or other convenient centre, to select officers, a place of meeting, to arrange with hotels for terms, etc., and to formulate a programme of exercises, copies of which will be sent to each society for approval, unless it is found more practicable to leave this detail to a committee of arrangements to meet initially at the congress itself. By this or some similar plan to be perfected during the fall and winter, it is hoped that a large and enthusiastic body of Shakespearian students from all over the world will be enabled to meet during the coming summer for the comparison of notes, results of studies, etc., and that the SHAKESPEARIAN CONGRESS so initiated will become a permanent feature of American letters. Further particulars can be obtained by addressing EDITOR SHAKESPEARIANA, care the Leonard Scott Publication Company, 231 Broadway, New York City, to whom suggestions upon the matter can be communicated until further notice.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, ACT I., SCENE iii., LINE 82.

BANKSIDE.		GRANT WHITE.	RIVERSIDE.	HUDSON.	HENRY IRVING.
Quarto.	Folio.				
When that the generall is not like the hive. 512	When that the Generall is not like the Hive. 537	When that the General is not like the hive. No annotation	When that the general is not like the hive. No annotation	When that the general is not like the hive. [That is, when the gen- eral is not to the army what the hive is to a swarm of bees — the spring head or centre of all their aims and labours. This is in sub- stance Dr. Johnson's ex- planation.]	When that the general is not like the hive. [No annota- tion, but in- eral is not to other lines in the hive is to parentheses to indicate that in acting these lines may be omitted.]

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT I., SCENE iii., LINE III.

BANKSIDE.		GRANT WHITE.	RIVERSIDE.	HUDSON.	HENRY IRVING.
Quarto.	Folio.				
Not in quarto.	I will poffeffe him with yellowneffe, for the revolt of mine* is dangerous. 390	I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous. [The revolt of mine—my revolt, of course. Stevens proposed "revolt of <i>mi-en</i> ," and Malone, that revolt of <i>mien</i> , referring to yellowness, or jealousy.]	I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous. [The revolt of mine—(possibly) my revolt, but probably corrupt with, hitherto, no acceptable correction.]	I will possess him with yellowness, for this revolt of mine is dangerous. [Yellow is the color of jealousy.]	I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous. [Yellowness, jealousy.]

\* I note that Kinneir says this is a misprint for *mind*, and that *mind* means AFFECTION. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III., ii., 62: "And cannot soon revolt and change your mind." Mr. Kinneir thinks the meaning of the passage is that he will make Page dangerous to Falstaff, for affection revolted or reversed is anger that stops at nothing.

[A kindly correspondent writes us that he has been studying SHAKESPEARIANA's series, *What Edition of Shakespeare Shall I Buy?* and has come to the conclusion that THE BANKSIDE is indispensable, but that, farther than this, every one must judge for himself. He however sends us the above collation of a couple of passages in four editions—the Grant White, the Riverside (also by Grant White), the Harvard (Hudson), and the Henry Irving—showing a fair average of the range of annotation arrived at in each. We are very glad to print our correspondent's labors as to the four above-mentioned editions, and hope they will lead others of our readers to tabulate still other editions for our pages.—EDITORS S.]

THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL.—The black oaken beams running across the ceiling of this room were framed into their places before Columbus discovered America. In the small gable windows I found to-day pieces of horn that were made to take the place of window-glass before the invention of that material.

A famous rendezvous was this old Shakespeare Hotel in the days of the great poet. The house where Shakespeare spent his days after his retirement from London was but twenty steps below here, and many an hour has he spent with his friends in these quaint old rooms. This, too, was the resort of Garrick, and in an adjoining room I to-day saw the old quart mug from which David used to drink his beer. Many noted men have slept beneath this many-gabled roof; and among them Napoleon III. for a time occupied "Macbeth," just before his departure for France to engage in the plot which ultimately made him emperor. "Macbeth" is the name of one of the rooms, all of which, instead of being numbered as hotel rooms usually are, are named from Shakespeare's plays. My own room is named "A Midsummer Night's



Dream." There is one named "Love's Labor's Lost," which is reserved for ladies who haven't married.

But a few steps above this house, on the opposite side of the street, is a building in which all lovers of Harvard College would feel a lively interest. It is the home of the old family from which sprang John Harvard, the man whose name was given to the infant college at Cambridge in early colonial times. The house ends on the street, two stories in height, with a high gable. It is built in the fashion of the times four hundred years ago—a strong oak frame, with the interspaces filled with brick and mortar. The projecting ends of the cross-timbers are all carved in curious devices of the heads of men and animals; and on the timber running across at the top of the first story are seen these letters and figures:

T. R.	1596.	M. R.
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Thomas Rogers and Martha, his wife, lived in this house, which was built in 1596, and here (our) John Harvard's father and mother were married in 1607.

John took his master's degree at Cambridge in 1635, and two years after sailed with his wife for New England, and died in less than a year after reaching there.

To the crowd of pilgrims who come to this shrine I think Ann Hathaway's cottage seems quite as attractive as the boyhood home of Shakespeare himself. At the poet's home you find little beside the house itself. There is not one article of furniture which the family used in the poet's day. While at Ann's cottage you find a direct descendant of the woman made famous as Shakespeare's wife, waiting to greet you. Then you lift the same wooden latch of the heavy oaken door that William's impatient fingers so often lifted after he had run across the fields to greet his sweet girl—and there by the old chimney corner you can sit on the same settle on which they sat and told their love by the light of the faggots that blazed in that enormous fire-place. The great-granddaughter of a grandniece of Ann, whom you meet here, seems to establish a vascular connection between yourself and the Ann Hathaway of the olden time. And then up-stairs in Ann's room you find the same bed she used to lie upon, the oaken stool by its side and the chest that contained her wardrobe, and so real does everything seem that you begin to feel that you have intruded into a lady's private apartment and look around and listen for her footsteps. All these things seem to give an air of living reality to the cottage, which cannot be felt at the birthplace of the world's great poet. I did not write my name on the walls of either cottage, for this reason, if for no other—there wasn't room enough. Every inch of room had been scribbled over and over again by some Sam Jones or Bill Smith. It was pleasant, however, to see the autograph of Walter Scott on the window-sill in the room where Shakespeare was born.

It is a matter of singular experience that while one is in this spot the mind absolutely refuses to dwell on anything not connected with Shakespeare, for not alone the Childs fountain, the Memorial Theatre, the Shakespeare gardens, the monument in the old church, but the whole town and county round seem but his mausoleum. Year after year people from every nation who know and read English literature

find their way to this spot to pay homage to the immortal genius of that man who spent his boyhood in these streets and whose ashes rest in the chancel of the parish church.—*H. B. in Boston Transcript.*

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—*Members elected.* Regular: Hon. Martin W. Cooke, John Y. Dale, M.D., Harrison Gray Fiske, Esq., editor of *The Dramatic Mirror* and Secretary of the Goethe Society, New York City, William Moodie Yeomans, Esq. Corresponding: Charles W. Thomas, Esq., Woodland, California; Elias A. Calkins, Esq., Chicago, Illinois; Alfred Waites, Esq., Worcester. REPORTED—Resolutions directing that the Secretary be entrusted with selecting convenient places for the monthly dinners of the Society, to precede meetings of the Society or of the Executive Committee always when practicable; directing the publication of the Four-Text *Hamlet* as a regular publication of the Society; presenting set number 454 of "The Bankside Shakespeare" to the Shakespeare Memorial Library of Stratford-upon-Avon, and tendering to Dr. Thos. R. Price, the Vice-President, a complimentary dinner on the occasion of his departure for a year's sojourn at Copenhagen, Denmark.

THE DINNER TO DR. PRICE.—This was held at the Hotel Plaza, Fifth Avenue, New York, Thursday, May 14, 1891, immediately preceding the Society's regular May meeting at Hamilton Hall, Columbia College.

MAY MEETING—Thursday, May 14, 1891. The President, Appleton Morgan, LL.D., in the chair. Paper of the evening, Ibsen's "Dramatic Construction Compared with Shakespeare's," read by Dr. Thomas R. Price, LL.D. In the discussion which followed, Messrs. Fleming, Nichols, Morgan, Smedley, Reynolds, Price and Mesdames Lozier and Randall-Diehl participated. The President stated that for the first time in its seven years' existence the Society had the pleasure of welcoming at once the Presidents of the three Shakespeare Clubs of the City of New York, viz.: Madame Randall-Diehl, President of the Fortnightly Shakespeare Club of New York; Madame J. de la M. Lozier, President of the Avon Club, and Frederick G. Smedley, Esq., President of the Shakespeare Club of New York City.

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\*.\* In view of the greatly reduced space at the disposal of the Editors, it is urgently requested that contributors refrain as much as possible from quotations from the Plays, referring instead to passages in point by the Bankside line notation (or if not practicable, to the act, scene and line of the *Globe* Edition). Proof is not sent to authors unless particularly requested, or unless the subject-matter require it. Please address all matter intended for the Editors, books for Review, etc., to Box 323, WESTFIELD, UNION CO., NEW JERSEY. The Editors cannot undertake to answer personal letters, or to return unused matter unless stamped envelopes are enclosed for the purpose. \*.\*

